

Children's Newspaper, September 13, 1930

The C.N. for a Lonely Child
Anywhere for 11s a Year
See back page

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

Number 599

Week Ending
SEPTEMBER 13, 1930

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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AUSTRALIA IN TROUBLE

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Seven

TWO SORTS OF PEOPLE

HOW THEY MET IN MICHIGAN

The Man Who Knew What to Do and the Woman Who Did Not HERO WHO SLIPPED AWAY

In this old-fashioned country of ours we have still a few gates at level-crossings, so that trains cannot run down other traffic, but apparently they have not thought of that in Michigan, and thereby hangs a tale.

It is a tale of panic and heroism. Frederick Nisch of Toledo in Ohio was driving his wife and son to Monroe in Michigan when he came upon a terrible sight.

A car with a woman and three children was stationary on the railway track at a level-crossing, and a fast train was bearing down upon them.

Just in Time

The woman was screaming, too panic-stricken to start up her engine or get the children out of the car.

There were some people about who ran toward the train signalling it to stop, but a fast train cannot pull up in a flash.

Only Frederick Nisch kept his head and did the one thing which could prevent disaster. He ran to the car and tried to push it across the track. He found that the hysterical woman had put on the brakes, and as it was useless to give her any orders he had to run forward, release the brakes, and go back to push again. With one terrific lunge he pushed it clear, and then he fell across the rails.

The train was only a hundred yards away, and it seemed that nothing could save Nisch, but a courageous bystander dashed forward and pulled him clear just in time. It was such a narrow escape that spectators thought both men had gone under the engine.

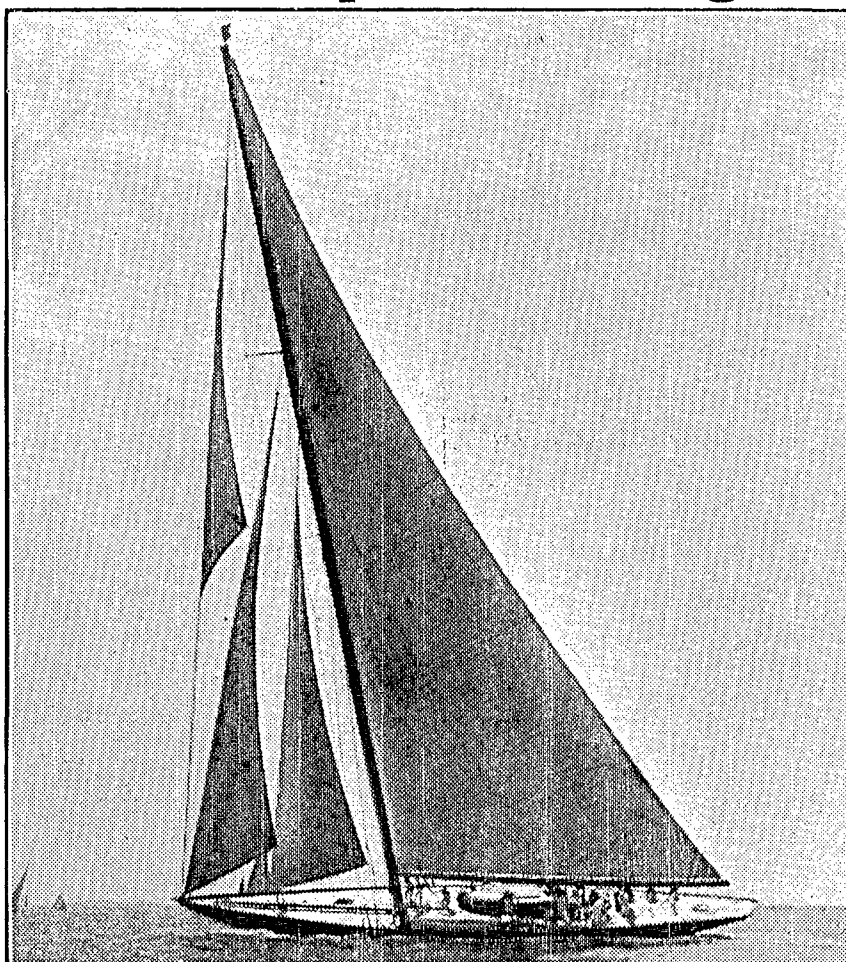
The Way of a Hero

The train pulled up after two carriages had passed the crossing, and then, to everyone's relief, Nisch was seen lying by the side of the crossing. He picked himself up, got into his own car, and drove away as fast as he could. He had saved four lives and nearly given his own, but he did not want any fuss. It seemed to him that he had just done a natural thing.

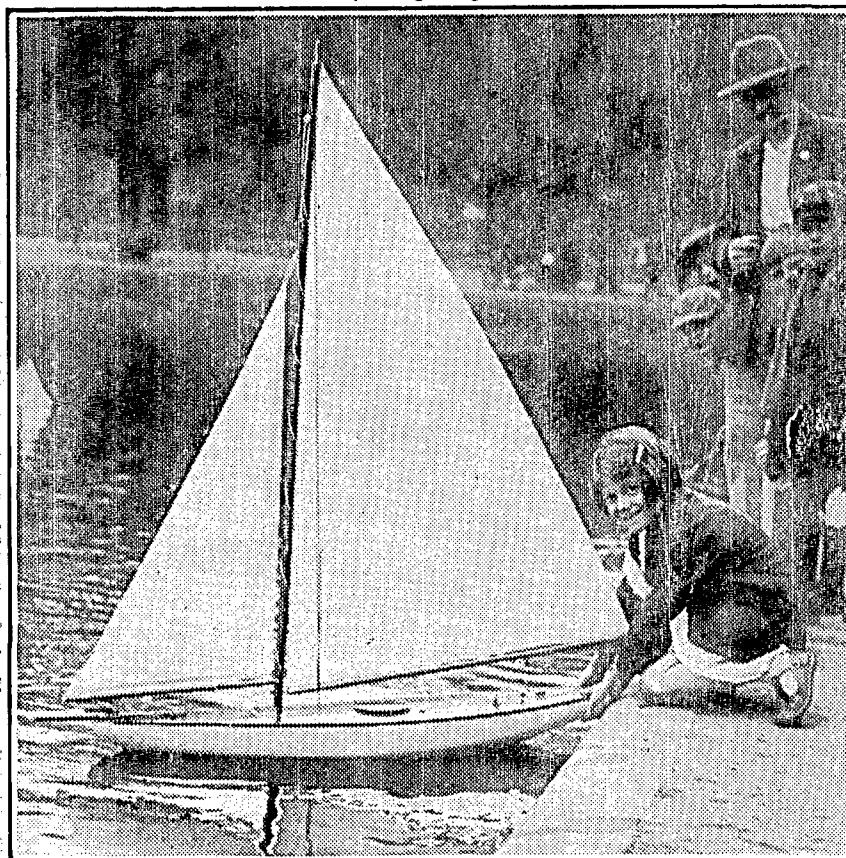
But one of the spectators took a note of the car number. Through that the hero's name has been discovered.

Never before, perhaps, were panic and coolness more vividly contrasted than in this story. We may hope the lady who screamed and did nothing has now given up motoring. There are people fit to fly to Australia alone, and others unfit to cycle to a pillar-box; but it is astonishing how many of the unfit of both sexes take out licences to drive a car.

Two Ships Go A-Sailing



Shamrock V speeding along before the breeze



Launching a miniature Shamrock—a scene in a London park

Sir Thomas Lipton's new yacht, Shamrock V, which is now in the United States for her attempt to bring the America's Cup to Britain, has shown that she is a remarkably speedy vessel. The little yachting enthusiast seen in the lower picture no doubt wishes her boat to emulate the deeds of the America's Cup challenger.

THEIR GOOD TURN

A WEEK OF HAPPINESS FOR CRIPPLES

Bournemouth Guides Set a Shining Example

AND ROTARY LENDS A HAND

Every summer the 400 Rangers, or senior Girl Guides, of Bournemouth combine to do a splendid good turn.

They invite from some other town a number of sister Rangers, who could not afford a holiday, to spend a week in a beautiful seaside home.

Twenty-five crippled Rangers from Nottingham were the happy guests this year. Some of them had their legs in irons. Some wore surgical boots. Many of them had to use crutches, and a few could not walk at all.

Not one of them was healthy or strong, yet not one of them was seen frowning or heard grumbling throughout the whole holiday.

Fountain Fairyland

The crippled girls spent most of their holiday on the beach.

Some of them were allowed to bathe, and some could even swim. The rest built sand castles, played cricket, and threw stones into the waves just like any other holiday-makers.

One had never seen the sea before, and all she could murmur as she caught sight of the green waves through the pine branches was "Oh, isn't it lovely," repeated again and again.

But the most beautiful thing the girls saw, they said, was the great fountain outside Bournemouth Pavilion which sends sparkling jets of changing coloured water high into the air. All the girls agreed that they had never seen anything so lovely before; it was "just like fairyland."

Everything Lent

Hundreds of kind-hearted people helped to make the cripples' holiday a success. The Rotary Club of Nottingham, which is formed of the business men of the town, paid the railway fares to and from Bournemouth, and the girls were met at the seaside station by Bournemouth Rotarians, who pulled them on a trolley to the cars waiting to take them to the Home.

The Home itself, a big house formerly a vicarage, was lent by one of the churches. All the furniture, including the beds, was provided by people in Bournemouth, and so were the bath-chairs and the two huts which were found so convenient on the beach.

The local Guiders and Guides who entertained their guests received numerous gifts of food, and the cripples were taken for three motor-drives, into Dorset, into the New Forest to see Foxlease, and all round Bournemouth.

Could anybody think of a finer good turn? Other Guides please copy next year.
Picture on page 9

THE WISE MAN FROM THE EAST

HIS IDEA FOR THE WEST

Rabindranath Tagore Talks at Geneva of Things That Matter

UNITY OF ALL LIFE

By Our League Correspondent

We in Geneva were honoured to have Rabindranath Tagore among us for a fortnight in August.

Some of us have known him as a poet only, but it was as an international thinker that he gave us of his wisdom. His wide interests as founder, principal, and guiding spirit of his international college at Santiniketan made him a welcome guest at the League of Nations, but the chief object of his visit was to get in close touch with the youth of the Western world. His talks therefore were mainly to students, and with them he went straight to the heart of this matter of East and West.

The Fundamental Fact

The accidental differences between the two, he thinks, are on the surface, but there is one fundamental fact which is recognised and understood by all people of India, *the spiritual unity which runs through the Universe*. "I do know," he said, "that this tendency of mind is possessed by all in India, even the unlettered." Most of their folk songs deal with it. "All their heroes have preached the idea of the spiritual unity of man, of realising intimate kinship with all life. These heroes, who live in the memory of the Indian people are not rulers or warriors, nor are they of the Brahmin caste, but such men as a cobbler, a weaver, who had no social standing at all. They are revered as teachers because they had the longing to realise the highest aim of man, spiritual unity, only to be reached through the positive cultivation of love itself.

The poet has found indications, he says, that the West is becoming nervous of being infected with these ideas, feeling that they would endanger and menace everything Western, and he asserts that this matter must be thought out. If this possibility is not within man, then education and science have no meaning; if it is within man, then it needs training. For some it is very vague, but for others it is more concretely real than the things which are concrete around us.

A RATHER GREASY POLE

Is Pilsudski Sliding Down?

Poland, when considering its Marshal Pilsudski, must sometimes recall the fable of King Log and King Stork. This new-style Dictator is more active than most kings.

Governments come and Governments go, but Pilsudski is always in the background, ready to pop up as Prime Minister and minister of military affairs as well. As a preliminary to something new he has been saying what he thinks of the Polish Constitution and what he feels about the Polish Deputies.

The Polish Deputies he denounces as fools or knaves, or both, or worse. The Polish Constitution he describes picturesquely as a stew gone bad, made up of decayed ham, mouldy fat, and rotten cabbage. But, unlike Hamlet Prince of Denmark, he does not think it a cursed spite that he was born to set it right.

On the contrary, it is the general opinion that Pilsudski thinks he is the only man for the crisis. It remains to be seen whether distracted Poland will agree with him, for since Pilsudski seized the dictatorship four years ago his popularity has waned a good deal.

Even Dictators cannot blind people to bad times and shady politics, and this Dictator in a temper may find that he has tried the Polish temper too long.

CLINGING IVY

A New Baby at the Zoo

THE CHIMPANZEE WHO MUST BE NOTICED

By Our Zoo Correspondent

The Zoo has now a baby chimpanzee whose nickname could not be more appropriate. She is called Ivy, and the menagerie has never had a more clinging baby animal, or one whose grasp was more tenacious.

She is a very small ape, only eighteen inches tall and twelve months old, and she is so immature that she has not yet finished cutting her milk teeth or discovered the full uses of her hands and feet. Apparently a native found her lying on the ground alone and unprotected, and thus Ivy came to be adopted by an Englishman.

Fits of Temper

For a time she was kept as a pet, but one day her owner came to this country and the little chimpanzee was then taken to the Zoo. At first she did not want to be left in a menagerie, and when her owner tried to leave her behind she clung to him with her hands and feet and screamed loudly. The keeper gently disengaged her clinging hands, and for his pains Ivy bit him viciously. When finally she was placed in a cage she threw herself on the floor kicking and howling with grief and rage.

However, she cheered up as soon as her owner had gone, and since then Ivy has seemed perfectly satisfied with her new surroundings. But she does expect to receive a great deal of petting and nursing. If ignored she screws up her face and cries, and if she is taken out of her cage it is extremely difficult to make her return to it. As yet she is not well trained and obedient like the Zoo's other young chimpanzees, and instead of going back to her cage on the word of command, as they do, she makes a scene. Yet in spite of her fits of temper Ivy is most lovable. Her appearance is delightfully attractive, especially as her queer little face has a wistful and rather forlorn expression.

THE NEW KRAKATOA

HORROR

Climax of the Age of Noise

THE BIG FIVE-MILE VOICE

Every day the loud-speaker grows louder and louder. At the Berlin Wireless Exhibition there was one so loud that nobody who was near it could hear himself speak.

It was set up in the busiest part of Berlin, and Professor Einstein, speaking in the Exhibition Theatre five miles away, made himself heard above the roar of the traffic. Nothing hitherto has approached the thunderous bellow of this example of Tenyson's "brass mouth and iron lungs."

No one can comfort himself with the hope that this is the end, and it is one of the ironies of science that not so very many years ago Lord Kelvin believed it would be impracticable greatly to magnify the sound of the human voice. Nothing seems impossible to the loud-speaker.

Its voice may become like Niagara's roar. Its syllables will explode in our ears like the convulsions of Krakatoa when Professor Einstein is followed by the advertisers.

The explosions of the motor-cycle, or the stuttering crash of the pogo brigade in Regent Street, are a preparation for these days to come, and compared with what the Loudest Speaker may do these terrors are no more than the gentle ripple of a brook.

But perhaps by the time the Loud-Speaker reaches perfection it will be useless for it to shout any louder because the tortured world will have mercifully become deaf.

WIMBLEDON JUNIOR

The School for Players

MISS NUTHALL'S FIRST WIN

Boys and girls from all parts of the country have been competing for the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon.

Usually the winning of a junior title has proved the stepping-stone to success in the wider international field a few years later. Did not Miss Betty Nuthall who, at 19, is the first Englishwoman to capture the American Ladies Singles Championship, win her first honours at Wimbledon in 1924? A sturdy, curly-haired little competitor, she went smilingly through five rounds with the loss of twelve games to win the Girls Singles for the first time. For the next two years the holder successfully defended her title against all comers until, in 1927, representing her country for the first time abroad, Miss Nuthall reached the final of the American Ladies Singles and Doubles. After this triumph, although she naturally suffered many reverses, Miss Nuthall steadily improved in skill and confidence until today she is in the van of the tennis world's First Ten.

Girl Champions

Of course there are other girl champions who have also achieved fame. Miss G. R. Sterry, a daughter of Mrs Alfred Sterry, five times champion at Wimbledon, represented England against America in 1925. Miss Mary Heeley, winner in 1928 and one of the fleetest-footed players of today, recently captured the North of England Championship from the holder, Miss Joan Fry.

From the Boys Singles roll have sprung many internationals. The first champion in 1908, C. G. Eames, represented England for years in the Davis Cup competition. H. W. Austin, J. S. Olliff, E. R. Ivory, and J. W. Nuthall, all appear in the list.

HOW A LADY LEFT RUSSIA

And How She Came Back

In all the world today there can hardly be a woman who in her lifetime has seen more ups and downs than has Madame Kollontay.

In 1912 she was locked up in a Stockholm police station and then hustled out of the country.

Now she returns to Stockholm as Russian Ambassador, and rides through the streets in a famous state coach like Cinderella's, with a Swedish courtier at her side and horsemen going before. The undesirable alien has become part of the pageantry of the Swedish Court.

Madame Kollontay is not a member of what our Bolsheviks call the Proletariat. Her father was a Tsarist general, and she was brought up to speak French, to play the piano, and to dance gracefully. But she was a born reader, and the books she read made her feel that much was wrong with Tsarist Russia. She became a revolutionary, which meant cutting herself off from her family and friends, and it was for a political offence that she spent two days in a Swedish police station before being sent out of the country.

Today the politics which got her into trouble have restored her to the kind of life she led in her father's home. The Soviet has chosen her as Ambassador to Stockholm, and once again she will talk to generals and courtiers, great ladies in diamonds, and royal personages.

It is as if some wizard had put back the clock, for Madame Kollontay is among the aristocrats once more, and there is still no liberty in Russia.

A GREAT LITTER FIRE

Lesson for New Forest Barbarians

THE PICNIC TROWEL

Mrs Stuart Wortley, of Highcliffe Castle, has been leading a motorists' campaign for the cleaning up of the abominable litter which harasses all people of good taste who visit the national New Forest.

Mrs Wortley, Lady Montagu of Beaulieu, and other ladies living in the neighbourhood of the Forest, sent out a circular letter appealing to motorists and others, to patrol the Forest on September 6, armed with prongs and baskets, to collect the litter and burn it on Lyndhurst Common. What a magnificent idea, and what a magnificent life!

The Broken Glass Peril

Last year 170 fires broke out in the New Forest, and many of them were caused by the Sun shining through the broken glass of bottles. Cruel injury to animals was caused by broken bottles and tins, and there was wanton destruction of trees and vegetation.

It is so difficult to break through the denseness of people with dull minds, who have no care for the preservation of beauty and little sense of seemly behaviour, that some striking demonstrations such as this in the New Forest are necessary to arrest attention. It should at least put all New Forest people sternly on guard against barbarous invaders.

From a New Forest reader the C.N. has received an interesting suggestion as to the disposal of picnic refuse.

The True Remedy

He says that recently he found in a secluded picnicking spot a large unsightly mass of half-charred paper thrown behind a bush. While burying it he found a postcard bearing the address of someone who probably formed one of the party responsible. To him he wrote begging him to take a trowel on his next picnic excursion. People ought to realise that picnic refuse *will not burn*.

It is an excellent suggestion for those who will use it wisely, but, remembering the horrible misuses to which cutting instruments are put by hooligans on turf, we have fears about recommending them generally, even for a good purpose. The true remedy is for people who bring refuse into the country to have the decency to destroy it or carry it away.

THINGS SAID

Should smokers not consume their own smoke? A non-smoker

A successful design comes only from a profound knowledge of materials.

A Devon blacksmith

The Young Man About Town spends about £10 a year in getting his hat out of cloak-rooms. A London hotel manager

When will some benefactor invent a noiseless iron gate?

A sick man in Liverpool

On Sundays the trains cease running during the hours of church service.

From a timetable of 1845

The English are rapacious, cruel, and addicted to strong drink.

From a French school book

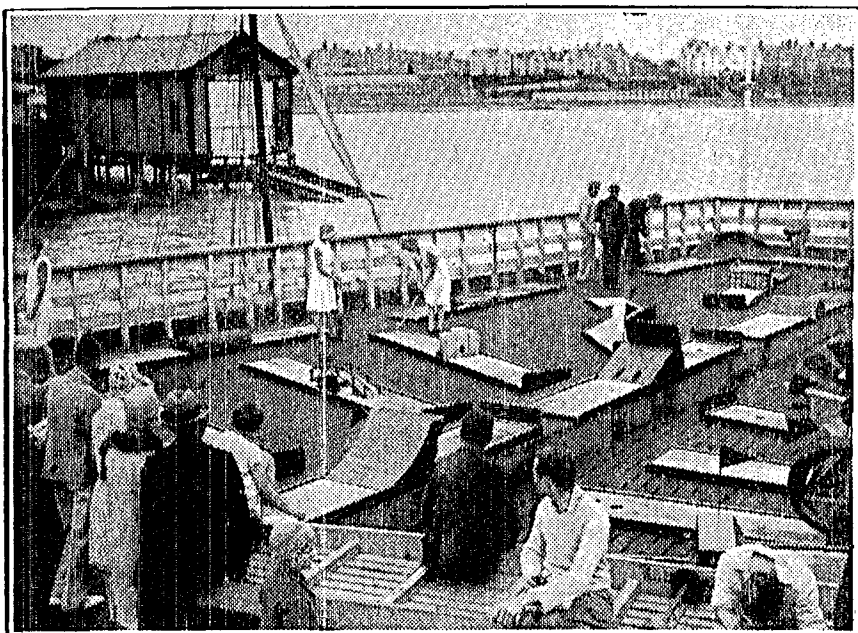
If the army holds the frontier by force the mission hospital helps to hold it by friendship. A missionary

September 13, 1930

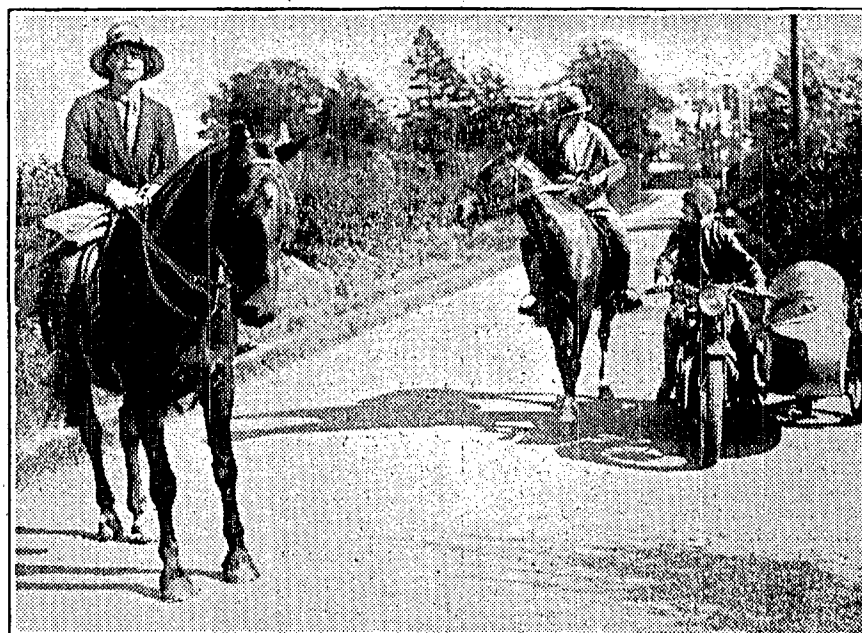
The Children's Newspaper

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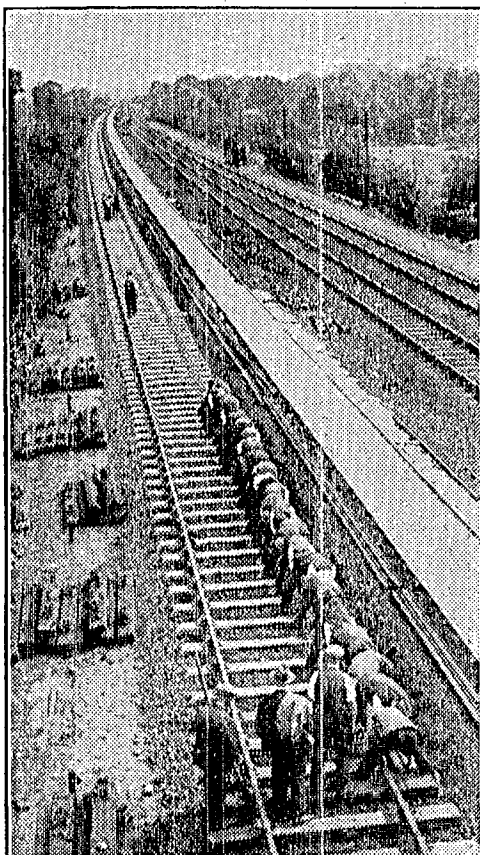
MIDGET GOLF · CHILDREN OF OBERAMMERGAU · STEEL SLEEPERS



The New Golf Game—The midget golf courses which originated in America are rapidly becoming popular in England. Our picture shows the game being played on Clacton pier.



The Open Road—Two Gloucester ladies spent their holiday riding on horseback. Here they are seen talking to a friend who apparently prefers a more up-to-date method of travelling.



Steel Sleepers—Workmen are here seen replacing the old wooden sleepers with new steel ones on the Great Western Railway near Maidenhead.



The Spirit of Youth—The match finished, these young tennis players at Westcliff-on-Sea proved that they were fresh and ready for still more games by jumping over the net as it was lowered.



Repairing a Clock—A man employed in repairing the clock of St Martin's-in-the-Fields is shown here looking down on Trafalgar Square.



A Basket of India—These eight little Indians, photographed in a Bombay educational institution, know nothing of the present troubled state of their country, but let us trust they will grow up to be useful citizens of the British Commonwealth of Nations.



Children of Oberammergau—People from all parts of the world have been visiting Oberammergau, the Bavarian village where the Passion Play has been presented this summer. Here are some children of the village, all of whom take part in the spectacle. See page 8.

STRONGHOLD OF A DUKEDOM CASTLE GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE

Sad End of a Famous Yorkshire Home GREAT HOUSE OF MEMORIES

Hornby Castle in Yorkshire has given up the struggle. Its strong walls, which have sheltered the Dukes of Leeds for three centuries, are in the hands of the housebreakers, to be sold stone by stone.

It was the home Sir Thomas Osborne, the first duke, made for himself out of the great fortune which, together with his dukedom, he received for his services to William the Third. Better known in history as Lord Danby, he was one of the Protestants who fiercely resisted the ridiculous James the Second and brought his successor to England.

Imposing Pile of Masonry

If for that reason only Hornby Castle has a great tradition behind it, and the fortune which the first duke left enabled his successors to maintain a princely state there during the reigns of the four Georges and during the Victorian Era. But changing times and changing taxes have undermined it at last. It has to go.

It is an imposing pile of masonry, and great must be the fall thereof. There may be as much as a quarter of a million tons of stonework which went to the building of its walls and towers and turrets. Its founder and his architects may well have thought they were building it to last for ever. Three hundred years have seen it out, but it has yet another eighteen months before it, because that amount of time will be needed to pull it down and break it up.

Beautiful and Rare Things

Its furniture, its pictures, its old oak and noble panelling, its 75 carved mantelpieces, have been dispersed. The dealers have some, and many will go to America.

It is rather sad to see so many beautiful and rare things sacrificed, but nothing which is lost in Hornby Castle's sacrifice is more precious than its memories. One of them is that the grandfather of the first duke was that Edward Osborne, Lord Mayor of London, who leaped from London Bridge when an apprentice to save his master's little daughter.

Picture on page 9

CHANGING A RIVER'S COURSE

Down to the Sea Through a Mountain Range

The suggestions of engineers seem at times audacious, yet when they are put into practice we are apt to take for granted what had been thought impossible.

A scheme recently suggested to the Bolivian Government involves changing a river's course and taking it through a mountain range to the sea, in order to make its waters provide electric power and to irrigate a large area of land that is now barren.

South America's biggest lake is Titicaca, which lies between the main Andes range and the Cordillera Real at a height of 13,000 feet. This lake has only one outlet, Rio Desaguadero, which flows into Lake Aullagas, also among the mountains, nearly 190 miles away. The proposal is to cut a tunnel for 15 miles through the Cordilleras and take the waters of the Desaguadero down to the Pacific Ocean, about 120 miles from Titicaca. In this short journey the waters would fall 13,000 feet, and would be made to operate gigantic turbines which would produce electricity.

It is a bold project, estimated to cost more than 50 million pounds, but its benefits would be widespread and permanent.

See World Map

RUSSIA IN POVERTY AND RAGS

A terrible picture is brought home from Russia by Mr Joseph Toole, a Labour Member of Parliament, who has been to Moscow to see what life is really like under Bolshevik rule. He declares that the population is underfed and clothed in rags; that beggars and drunkards lie about in the streets, and that the average working-man is worse off than an unemployed man in England with a family.

We take the following from Mr Toole's dramatic report of what he has seen.

TRY as they may, they cannot prevent the observer from seeing that Russia is in an awful state of chaos. I have never seen a more unkempt and bedraggled civilian population anywhere.

There are more beggars on the streets and more drunkards. In Leningrad they were lying across the footpath, so that pedestrians had to move out of their way to get along. Nobody took any notice of them, and my guide said that when the policeman had time he would arrest them and they would be sent to an inebriates' home, where they would remain for life if they relapsed.

Queues at the Shops

The rouble is now worth 2s 2d, and the average wage of the worker is 50 roubles a month. This means that the worker has to live on a staple diet of rye bread and vegetable oil. All sorts of food, clothing, and shoes are rationed. Even the repair of shoes is rationed. Queues form daily before the shops. A large part of the population wears nothing but toe-rags. This is not surprising. A pair of good shoes costs as much as £9, and their repair 30s. An individual is entitled to one suit a year, one pair of shoes a year, and one shoe-repair a year. One pound of soap is allowed to each person every month, and this ration has to do for all purposes.

Butter costs 19s a pound; eggs are a shilling each. I bought four wild pears for 6s. A friend bought a chicken for 25s. It costs £1 to ride a mile in a taxi, and cauliflower costs 6s. Even in the hotels which cater specially for foreign tourists butter is an additional charge. One pays 6s for four pats of butter. An orange cost us 7s 6d and an apple 4s.

Private Markets

The effect of rationing and the high cost of food is that a private market exists in the Soviet territories. In the main street in Moscow you will see people sitting and offering food that they have bought after a long wait in the queue, and they make a corresponding profit on the deal. They will starve themselves for the sake of this middle-man's profit. Especially do they deal in butter.

Thinking in terms of purchasing power I declare that the unemployed man in Great Britain, with a wife and three children, is better off with his unemployment pay than the average employed workman in Russia. Female labour is employed everywhere, in docks, fields, factories, and trams.

There is no such thing as personal liberty in Russia. The worker may do

as he wishes provided he does as he is told. It appeared to me that one despotism is supplanting another. If there is any consolation in being knocked on the head by a Red policeman with a red truncheon rather than by a capitalist policeman with a black one, that is the only consolation that the Russian town-dweller has. You may hold any opinion you wish, but you may not organise for it, or cooperate for it with others. The State is remorseless; it gives no trial or justice in our sense.

No Personal Liberty

Capital punishment is the swift and certain end of those who attempt to co-operate in opposition. Capital punishment, in fact, is now only retained for counter-revolutionaries. When I spoke about this to one of the high officials he said: "There can be no personal liberty until the Revolution is over," but he could not tell me when the Revolution would end. According to him it is still going on, eleven years after it began.

The World Congress of International Revolutionary Trade Unionists was sitting in Moscow while I was there, and huge banners declared that "Unionists bring to world capitalism not peace, but a sword." There was no doubt in my mind that the sword had been brought to Russia, because every five or ten minutes wherever I went I saw a detachment of the Red Army, fully armed, marching through the streets. This demonstration was undoubtedly intended to have a salutary effect on the population.

Belief in the Soviet

But there is no doubt whatever that the Russian people believe in the Soviet Government, and would stoutly resist any interference, because, bad as their condition is, it must be an improvement on pre-revolutionary life. Everybody is willing to undergo any kind of privation for the success of the Revolution, and because Lenin told them they must industrialise the country, tighten their belts, and export their goods so that they shall receive machinery in return, this is what they are doing.

It is my conviction that, whatever the plight of Russia, she must be left to work out her own salvation. When I reflect that there exists in this country a body of opinion, however small, which expresses a view that a similar organisation of the State would be a good thing for this country I am obliged to think that those who hold that view ought to hold their conferences in an asylum rather than in Moscow.

FLOWERS BY THE WAY

Can any good thing come from an ugly Petrol Station? One of our correspondents has found that it can, and she sends us this note on the subject.

THE Petrol Station had the usual display of unredeemable ugliness in the shape of red and yellow petrol pumps.

From their midst there came forth to greet us an old man, strongly built, with thick white hair upon which was set an ancient bowler hat, a mossy green in colour, with a shade of lichen toward the brim. From what ancient shop, in what long-past year, one wondered, had it once proceeded?

The old man's eyes were shrewd and kindly. When he had supplied the requisite amount of petrol (you would have been driven to ignore the C.N.'s injunction not to buy petrol from ugly stations) he disappeared for a moment among the mazes of gaudy colour. When he returned he had a bunch of Devon violets in his hand. He put them through the

window of the car and handed them to a lady.

"Ladies are generally fond of flowers," he said, "so I brought these for you."

She accepted them with a good heart.

"But you must let us give you something for them," said her husband.

"No," said the old man. "I grow them for pleasure, and I like to give them."

He smiled farewell, and the lady reflected that even out of a wilderness of petrol pumps a sweet and gracious act had sprung, that even Aunt Sally can be kind, and to herself she murmured those lines from Savage Landor:

Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add—

No, not that—not "Old Man kissed me," cried her husband at the wheel.

No, not that, said she, smiling, but this:
One old man Time could not harden
Gave me violets from his garden.

A REMARKABLY GOOD IDEA

Simple Way of Safety

WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE HAVE THIS DONE?

One of those ideas so sensible that we wonder nobody has thought of it before was suggested not long ago by the East Lancashire coroner in dealing with a case of poison.

Why not label every poison with the proper antidote to it?

Every poison must be labelled on the bottle with the fact that it is a poison; but that does not prevent poison from being swallowed by accident, even when the most careful precautions are taken—such, for example, as making bottles containing poison of a special shape.

That cannot always be done, and there are many cases of people who have picked up the wrong bottle, especially in the dark. When these accidents happen they almost appear to have been unavoidable.

Before the Doctor Comes

But if such accidents will happen there ought to be some means of avoiding their worst effects. Most people quickly became conscious of the fact when they have swallowed poison, but few know what should be done immediately. When the doctor comes it may be too late.

A recent example in our own knowledge was that of an acquaintance who accidentally gulped down a dose of strong ammonia from a bottle he imagined to contain his digestive tonic. He choked in agony before assistance came, and was ill for weeks. Nobody on the spot knew what the first measures for his relief should be.

It would be quite simple to print on every bottle containing poisonous or dangerous liquids what the nature of the contents was, and what the right antidote and the proper steps to take should be if the contents were swallowed.

There have been many great ideas thought of in our time. One is the White Line of safety on the roads. This is a new line of safety in the home, and we hope it may be quickly adopted.

THREE CHEERS FOR A TRAIN

Yeadon Has a Great Day

From Yeadon in Yorkshire the first passenger train for 25 years set out among the cheers of the natives.

The whole of the little town turned out to see it start. They lined up at dawn for it as if it had been a Test Match.

Yeadon has only a little platform, so that there was room for only one passenger coach at a time, and as 500 excursionists had booked on it for a trip to Morecambe the loading-up took some time.

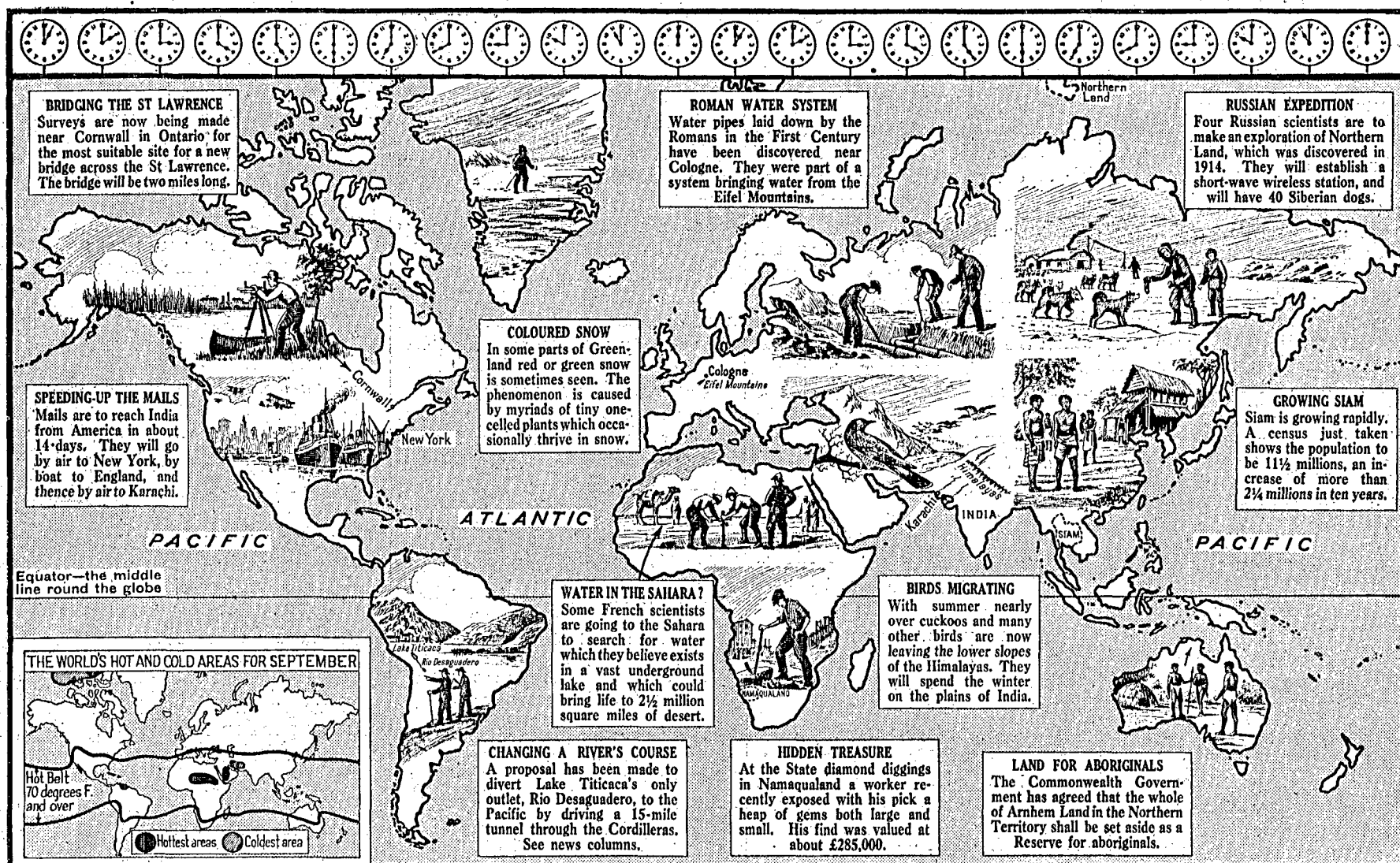
But at last the train was full up and it was cheered all along the single-line track to Guiseley, which is a mile away.

The reason for the applause was that for a quarter of a century Yeadon has been on a shunt line which has taken goods traffic only. Yeadonites anxious for travel had to go to Guiseley. Now they have inaugurated a new era.

It is a progressive step, and all the more to be welcomed because in recent years we have heard too often of railways closed because of the competition of the motor-buses. Even in London the closure has taken place. One of the most attractive little lines in England, which used to lead from Fenchurch Street to North Greenwich, has been lost to those who delighted to travel by it through Dockland and were rewarded at the end of one of these tiny journeys by an unexampled view of Christopher Wren's Greenwich Hospital.

That, we fear, has gone for ever, but Yeadon gives us hope.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



B.B.C. AND THE PROMS Musical Chairs in an Orchestra

By Our Music Correspondent

It is nearly forty years since Sir Henry Wood conducted his first Promenade Concerts, hoping to build up an audience of listeners able to think for themselves.

He has succeeded, and today all is changed. Queen's Hall itself is shining in a new coat of paint, and the audience is so keen that late-comers do not get a seat at all, for which everybody is truly thankful. What is more, the applause of a brand new work is almost as great as when an old favourite is played.

How wise of the B.B.C. to ask Sir Henry to form this new orchestra! There is not a weak spot in it anywhere. Many players of the old Queen's Hall Orchestra are still to be seen, but at their sides quite youthful players are sitting, ready for the most difficult of trumpetings. There seems to have been something like a game of musical chairs in the orchestra, but it is a game played in all seriousness, so that we have the best possible wireless results.

A conductor may still stand in the middle of the platform, drums and heavy brass still sit in the farthest seats, but almost every other instrument has changed places. If, listening to the music at home, we hear a good concert, it is often because the various sounds of the instruments have been ingeniously experimented with and finally placed so as to get the best results from the Queen's Hall acoustics. We live, indeed, in wonder-working days.

Where is the Post Office?

The Post Office is experimenting with pillar-boxes showing the whereabouts of the nearest post office.

New Dock at Grimsby

Grimsby is about to start a new dock which will take three years to build and cost about a million and a half.

SHIP WITH RED-HOT DECKS

Extraordinary Voyage of 2000 Miles

Sometimes a brief item in an odd corner of a newspaper can be as close packed with drama as a line from Lear is packed with poetry.

The other day it was reported that Commander D. L. Lloyd had received a Silver Medal. When he was master of the Trafford Hall, on her way to South Africa, fire broke out in one of the cargo holds, close to stores of paraffin. In spite of being nearly blinded by the fumes the commander entered the burning hold several times and took such measures that he was able to bring her safely to port, though with red-hot decks.

It was a voyage of 2000 miles. Only Joseph Conrad could imagine it. There were 185 people on board, and for some of them the thought of the burning hold must have been almost too terrible to bear. The master had to save those people from panic, inspire them with faith, keep them going about their daily work, and through all those anxious days maintain discipline.

If Joseph Conrad could have heard that tale he would have made a finer book than *The Nigger of the Narcissus*. No one could describe tension on a ship as Conrad did, and now nobody can do justice to Commander Lloyd.

A WISE WORD FROM A PRIME MINISTER

The French Premier has issued a circular urging the Prefects of Departments to raise the moral standard of advertisements and posters in France.

M Tardieu says in his circular that there are certain periodicals in France which ought not to be displayed on kiosks and bookstalls.

A FRIEND OF THE LITTLE ONES

Lucien Wolf's Good Work Is Done

The children of the world, especially the sad and poor children, have lost a true friend by the death of Lucien Wolf.

He was born in London 73 years ago, and at 17 became sub-editor and leader-writer of the *Jewish World*. For 30 or 40 years he was a busy journalist, now the foreign correspondent of an English paper, and now the English correspondent of a French one. He wrote many scholarly books on Jewish history, and travelled much in his efforts to befriend Jews in countries where conditions were not so good as in England. After the war he became, as it were, spokesman for all Jewry.

For eight years he was a worker for the Save the Children Fund. Wherever children were in bitter need, because of war, earthquake, or famine, the love of Lucien Wolf and Dr Nansen followed them. Now both those great friends have gone.

Lucien Wolf was about to go to Geneva for the Council of the Save the Children International Union when he died, still in harness.

He has left the world a better place than he found it; and has dried the tears of many children in sorrowful lands.

WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERY VILLAGE

Within motor or rail distance of nearly every village in England there is a part of the finest industrial market in the world for food products, yet we spend scores of millions of pounds every year in purchasing things this countryside could produce in enormously greater quantities than it does—bacon, butter, eggs, meat, and fruit.

It is about time we pulled ourselves together and started trying to put this thing right.

Dr Addison

A POOR BOY'S WAY TO FAME

How He Became Known to Millions

FILMS LOSE A GREAT FIGURE

Millions knew Lon Chaney, whom Lon Chaney never knew.

They had seen his face on the screen and had marvelled at its many disguises, for in the dramas where he had a part this remarkable actor of the films never looked quite the same twice. He was now to all appearance a terrible cripple and now the suffering hunchback of Notre Dame. Sometimes a Chinaman and once a vampire man he seemed to have no personality of his own.

Yet he had a very unusual character and a remarkable personality, for this man who died before he was fifty had made his way in the world, and had become a world-figure after a very hard struggle from the humblest beginnings.

He never heard his father's voice, or his mother's, for both his father and mother were deaf and dumb from birth. Lon Chaney, the second of four children, was born in a barber's shop. His mother lost the use of her limbs before he was in his teens, and the boy had to become the nurse and man-of-all-work.

When at last he could earn money outside the house he struggled as hard as ever to keep his younger brothers and sister as well as his mother, and before he found his vocation in music-hall dancing he had tried thirteen other employments.

When at last he found fame as a film star everyone envied him, but few realised the hard road he had trod to success. He deserved his good fortune and the countless host of unknown friends he made.

Poland's Liner

The first Transatlantic liner to fly the Polish flag was cheered into New York Harbour by 5000 Poles the other day.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 13 1930

Good Things

It is cheering in these days to think of the good things that are about us everywhere.

We have just been on a little run through a thousand miles of England, and, though we came back to hear of bad times and financial crises and worse things ahead, we like to think of the good things we saw.

We had not seen for many years so much unspoiled countryside as we saw in running up that matchless coast from Land's End to the borders of Exmoor. Its beauty brings tears to the eyes.

Here is Old England as she has been a thousand years, gracious, quiet, and altogether lovely. The poster man has missed her. Her ways are too narrow for the charabanc. Aunt Sally is too busy on our arterial roads to find these little lanes.

We saw less litter in these thousand miles than was seen at the Oval on the morning after a Test Match. It is not to be supposed that the Litter Lout is not there, with his wretched little yellow cigarette packet, or with her carton of films or her chocolate wrappings, but only rarely did we come upon them.

We saw a village inn as a village inn should be. It was long and low and white, and away from its door stretched a beautiful lawn, on which we sat for lunch. In front was a little field, and across the field was the broad Atlantic Ocean, with nothing between us and America. The boy of the house keeps the garden beautiful, the girl of the house keeps the whole place cheerful, and we could not but wish that every hamlet in the land had a jolly place like this.

We reached one of the rarest ancient places in England through thirty miles of countryside with not one thing to offend the eye, and at the end we came upon the ancient abbey with the hotel and its gardens touching the walls, as ancient, as peaceful, as beautiful as the abbey itself.

We saw some of the best workmen we have seen for many a day, men who love their work and are happy. We saw a garden planted by an A.A. man round his telephone box. We saw a new university and a new cathedral with work as beautiful as any done in other days. We saw the County Library Sign in village after village, a pleasant little torch of learning becoming more and more familiar. We found policemen glad to be useful and many people glad to be kind, and in a summer that has not been very kind we found more good days than bad ones, and none entirely bad.

And so we came back, with a lot of good things to remember on our bad-tempered days when everything goes wrong. A.M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



It Won't Hurt the Boy

WE have always been proud of the bareness and simplicity of life at our great public schools, but this system is not always understood by our American cousins.

We commend heartily the remark made by a housemaster who, showing an American mother and sister over the dormitories at a well-known school the other day, replied, in answer to their exclamations of "Oh, the discomfort!" by glancing at the rosy youth disporting itself in the cricket ground below and saying:

But yet I do assure you that our death-rate is very low!

The Back Seats

WE were talking not long ago in these columns of "how they did things yesterday," but it was not only yesterday that many things were poorly and meanly done.

We have just been to one of the biggest theatres in London and were doomed to sit at the back of the stalls. The row of seats in front was comfortable; but all the seats behind it, *because they were a little cheaper*, were deliberately made uncomfortable, so that it was impossible for those who sat in them to enjoy the play.

It seems an extraordinary thing that there can be a mind in the world which can wilfully contemplate the production of an uncomfortable seat for those who cannot afford to pay for a comfortable one.

Mussolini's Advice to Italy

IT is good to see that one of our little C.N. mottoes

Alcohol is Bad for You

is receiving the very wide publicity of being stamped on every letter posted in Italy. The Italian Post Office is now cancelling its stamps with a phrase which puts our watchword in a slightly different form but means precisely the same thing:

Alcohol is opposed to the good of the individual, the family, and the race.

We believe it is true that Mussolini, like Hobbs and Bradman and Lindbergh, is a total abstainer from alcohol, and it is good to see him urging all Italy to leave alcohol alone.

Let Us Go Up to the Hills

Out on the hills man can forget
All little thoughts and mean;
Go seek the folded hills in grey;
The quiet hills in green;

The blessing laid by moving clouds
From heaven as they pass;
The messages in little streams,
The mercy in the grass.

For holy hills were made for men,
Their stillness and their green:
There is no room in their great hearts
For narrow things and mean.

Marjorie Wilson

The Nasty Smell

THE hunters are at it again, and the most un-English sport in England goes on apace in Somerset and Devon.

In this connection it is interesting to quote a sentence once spoken by Lord Balfour. When asked why he did not hunt he replied:

"I do not see why I should break my neck because a dog chooses to run after a nasty smell."

As We Grow Older

IT seems to us that as she grows older Great Britain has become gentler and has lost much of her traditional severity and something of her energy.

A writer in the Echo de Paris

Tip-Cat

SOUTH AMERICAN fowls are laying rose-tinted eggs. Making sure their chicks shall be in the pink.

A PORTER in Leeds knows twenty languages. Foreigners give him tips.

WE take nothing seriously today, somebody complains. But we take all we can get.

How do people live to be a hundred? inquires a correspondent. By being born a hundred years ago.

ONE must be smart up the river. Too smart to fall in.

PEOPLE living in the country miss many advantages, says a town-dweller. And master many disadvantages.

THE man who saved money in the old days was called a miser. Now he is a wonder.

THE air will probably always be free, but it costs more to breathe it.

THIN people usually live longer than fat. At all events they have a slender chance.

THERE is much to be said for a uniform language, declares a speaker. It is all a matter of habit.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A BIG motor-coach firm announces that all its drivers are teetotallers.

IN ten years the Great Western Railway has planted a million trees.

AT least fifty A.A. telephone boxes now have gardens round them.

JUST AN IDEA

Chemists have a liquid which would kill a man if it touched him. Aeroplanes can rain it down on a town, and two tons would kill every man in a path seven miles long and thirty yards wide.

Cupid the Camel

The Pride of the Zoo

By Our Country Girl

Cupid the Camel has retired from active service in Regent's Park to the Zoo's new country estate at Whipsnade. He is 27, and a character.

O CUPID the Camel,
The pride of the Zoo,
If London gains Eros
Must London lose you?

For twenty long summers
You carried the young,
Your manners unruffled,
Your withers unwrung.

You kicked, bit, and bucked
not

When bored by the game,
But played the old soldier
And made yourself lame.

WHEN free from the saddle
You stood in your run,
Quite close to the bars where
You watched for a bun.

BUT instantly left them
At sound of the bell.
No buns after closing,
You knew it so well!

OH, now you are ageing;
The babies you knew
Have grown into Daddies,
Your pension is due.

Too far is Olympus,
You cannot go home,
But green glades of Whipsnade
Are pleasant to roam.

AND there may your dreams be
All beautiful ones,
Of Sally, Bath, Chelsea,
And Hot Buttered Buns.

God Save the State

God save our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night!
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

Charles Timothy Brooks

Ideas of Norman Angell

Mistakes in Politics

MOST mistakes in politics, most of the disasters that come upon mankind, are due, not to lack of knowledge, but to failure to use knowledge we possess.

A popular candidate once owed his election to the fact that he was a famous footballer, had married a famous actress, and had killed seven Germans. Elections are often affected by that kind of thing. Yet it does not require any education to know that the capacity to marry actresses, kill Germans, or kick goals is no qualification for dealing with the nation's problems.

The one fact which all the electors must have known was the one fact most of them disregarded. N.A.

AUSTRALIA IN TROUBLE

RICH COUNTRY THAT CANNOT PAY ITS WAY

Continent of Boundless Resources and Very Few People

THE ROAD TO RECOVERY

Australia is in great trouble. The Commonwealth cannot pay its way, and has actually to borrow money to pay the interest on part of her debt.

Faced with grave difficulty, the Government has sent for Sir Otto Niemeyer to advise it. He counsels the cessation of extravagance, and we hope the advice will be accepted.

Let us be just to Australia, for the trouble is only partly her fault. Last year American speculation started a world storm in trade and finance. Prices fell so rapidly that producers throughout the world lost heavily, and in many cases were ruined.

Undeserved Misfortune

Among the commodities chiefly hit was wool, of which Australia is a big shipper. Actually the price of wool fell so much that the value of a year's Australian export of wool fell by £10,000,000. This was not the fault of Australia; it was the fault of the unfortunate financial policy of the United States.

The undeserved misfortune would not have been so serious for the Commonwealth if Australia herself had been in a sounder position, but unfortunately there have been grave faults in the conduct of Australian affairs.

Australia, with its unique position and its boundless resources, is an empty continent; it is for practical purposes unpeopled. It contains only as many people as there are in Greater London, fewer people than there are in little Belgium, fewer than in Holland, fewer than in Bulgaria, fewer than in those little countries Sweden and Portugal.

All Australia has only just over a million families, and half of these live in six cities.

Too Much Government

Although the population is so small, it is divided into six separate States, each of which has a full-blown Government, complete with Prime Minister, Civil Service, and all the other expensive paraphernalia of government. Because they could not agree on a capital, owing to local jealousies, they have built a new one! The cost of governing Australia is much too great. There are over 200,000 public servants. Moreover, each State has borrowed heavily and lavishly, and has to find heavy sums for interest and capital repayment. Owing to the lack of coordination the railways of the States have different gauges!

In all Australia there are only about half a million workers on the land, and upon the work of this tiny group the whole economy is mounted like a pyramid standing on its point.

Raising Prices

Yet Australia has heavy duties to foster local manufactures. These raise the price of everything the Australian farmer needs, whether it is a saddle for his horse or wire for his fencing. Australia recently invited a committee of English business men to advise them. The committee advised that these heavy duties were foolish, but instead of taking the advice it had asked for the Government made the duties heavier still.

While such courses are pursued Australia cannot hope for stability and prosperity. The collapse of prices has brought her to a serious pass, and only by strict economy and attention to the real interests of her people can she hope for permanent recovery. Above all, Australia needs population, as the C.N. has pointed out again and again.

JOHNNY SEES HIS OPPORTUNITY

And Seizes It by the Tail

A HERO in spite of herself, the cow of Peck Hill, near Widnes, will never know how she saved the life of Johnny Slade.

Johnny had gone with his parents from Widnes on a picnic to Peck Hill. The afternoon being unusually fine for August the party had tea on the grass, and when Johnny had had his share, or more, he wandered off by himself to look for blackberries.

One of the few ripe ones hung temptingly almost out of reach on a bush by a pond which was deep in the middle, though a cow was tramping up the mud in the shallows. Johnny Slade reached

for the juicy blackberry. Of course he fell in.

The splash startled the ruminating cow. It started for dry land at once. But Johnny, though little, had his wits about him, even as he splashed, and he grabbed the cow's tail as the creature dashed past him!

The cow therefore towed the boy out of the pond, and no harm was done except to Johnny's holiday suit. But if the cow had not been there, or if Johnny had not seized opportunity by the tail, there might have been a very moist and unpleasant accident at Peck Hill Pond.

COOL



The marvellously sudden outburst of wonderful summer weather spread the glorious sunshine over a million square miles of Europe, and everywhere the heat wave has been at once the delight and the anxiety of workers and holidaymakers.

HEE! HAW! FROM CISSBURY DOWN

THOSE noble downs of England which stretch from Sussex to Wiltshire must not be cheapened or disfigured by anything which offends the eye.

Among such things we reckon advertisements, which are even more out of place on the bare shoulders of the empty downs than when flaunted in the sky. The proper place for advertisements is in the papers.

We are in entire sympathy with the remonstrance addressed to the West Sussex County Council about some letters 45 feet high which have appeared on Cissbury Down.

The letters in question cover 200 yards of the turf and are outlined with chalk.

Nothing could be better calculated to catch the eye—and to make it smart

as if a fly had charged into it. When we see a White Horse which was carved on a hillside by our ancestors we feel a thrill of interest and curiosity. Time has hallowed it. But when an advertisement by the side of a road or a railway blocks the view it enrages us.

The advertisement on Cissbury Down, one of the sacred spots in English history, apparently intends to call the attention of people to the advantages of living there.

What a way to choose! Who would not be repelled by the vulgarity of it all? But what is to be done with people who destroy the amenities they are trying to sell? Where shall we find brains for all the donkeys who bray on our countryside?

A MEMORY GREEN AFTER 900 YEARS

KING STEPHEN AND HIS SON

Hungary Keeps an Ancient Festival With Great Splendour

ENEMIES AS FRIENDS AGAIN

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Hungary has just been celebrating with great splendour and solemnity the double festival of her first King, Stephen, and that of his son, Emeric, who was called the Lily Prince because of his goodness and purity.

Although 900 years have passed since Emeric died, his spirit lives on, a lovely and shining beacon to the youth of his land. For short as his life was it had sufficient beauty in it to make his memory fragrant throughout the centuries.

It is known of him, as the C.N. has already told, that he went forth into the Hungarian Plain to fast and to pray, and that afterwards he knelt before a shrine and in a transport of passionate devotion asked God to manifest to him what offering would please Him best. To this prayer he thought he heard God answering that purity was the virtue most pleasing, whereupon he vowed that to the end of his days he would live only for the things of the spirit.

Living as a Monk

Though only 16 at this time, Prince Emeric kept his vow, living as a young monk in the midst of the pleasures of the Court. At 22 he married, in obedience to his father's wishes, and found to his joy that his young wife shared his faith and his ideals. So close was the bond between them that when death carried him off, two years later, she followed him into the grave before the week was out.

St Emeric's figure, like that of Joan of Arc, shines far beyond the confines of his own country; and hundreds of thousands of people from all corners of the globe came to Budapest to do him honour. The Pope sent a Legate to represent him, while cardinals were there from England, Germany, Austria, and Poland; and Tirolese, Italian, Spanish, and German pilgrims in their national costumes made the streets picturesque. It was the first time since the war that those who fought against each other, and still believe they have cause to bear each other a grudge, met officially in Hungary in friendliness and goodwill—Tirolese with Italians, Germans with Poles, Hungarians with Austrians.

Procession of Ships

The beauty of one of the finest cities in the world, formed a worthy setting for the ceremonies, and no one who saw the procession of illuminated ships going up the Danube, with a myriad lights starring the banks on either side, and the Coronation Church, lit up by powerful reflectors, rising in white beauty in the black night, will ever forget the sight.

There were many humorous incidents too, as when a gorgeously dressed Tirolese, leaving his companions, dashed at a passing Hungarian chimney-sweep and, throwing his arms round his neck, cried excitedly: "I, too, am a chimney-sweep at home!"

THE WOMEN SAY A WORD

A littered landscape is a disgrace to England.

Orange peel or papers—bury them or take them home.

Bottles and tins—remove them. Left about or lightly buried they are a danger to man and beast.

Clear up before you leave. Others will thank you.

Notice put up at Bisley, Gloucestershire, by the Women's Institute

JACK OF BOTH SIDES CHINA'S SAD SPECTACLE OF CHAOS

The Hired Fighting Men in
Days of Old
WHEN ARMED BANDS ROAMED
IN EUROPE

Among the manifold troubles of present-day China is the appearance of hordes of lawless soldiery who fight first on one side and then on another. The watchdog of today may be the destructive wolf of the morrow. Generals and other highly-placed professional warriors are included in this dreadful game of musical chairs.

The stories coming over the cables which illustrate this terrible state of affairs make startling reading in an age which is striving to abolish all war and outlaw it as civilised society outlaws brigandage. But novel as the crime of these greedy, bloodthirsty men seems to our own generation, the practice of changing sides for gain is as old as the practice of warfare.

Mercenaries in British Pay

There have always been men who have hired themselves out to fight in wars in which they had no interest save that of personal gain and settled means of livelihood. They have fought for pay and been known as mercenaries; they have fought for spoil, they have fought for the love of brutal adventure when the chase of animals was not sufficiently stimulating to their cruel natures.

Throughout history we trace them, in the armies of Alexander, of Hannibal, of the Romans, and down through the Dark Ages to modern times. There were those who enlisted for a campaign and at its close returned to private life; but the more dangerous were those who sold themselves, as the Chinese are doing, first to one side and then another, time after time.

Danes, ever ready to turn their swords against England, fought for us under Harold; William the Third had his Dutch soldiers; and Germans, Frenchmen, and even Turks have drawn British pay to fight in old forgotten battles under the British flag.

Freelance fighting was at its height, however, in the days of so-called Chivalry. At that time and for long after armed bands wandered over Europe, selling their services to kings and petty potentates who had, or pretended to have, a grievance against their neighbours, who coveted a territory or other unlawful end.

Cities Held to Ransom

We meet many such bands in the pages of Froissart, men organised under their captains and leaders to fight for those who would pay them best and who, when not regularly serving under king or prince, conducted war on their own behalf and seized castles and even cities and held them to ransom—all in the way of business.

Froissart was witness of an attempt to make peace between England and France during the reign of Richard the Second. The proposal was sternly opposed by people in England—such people at any rate as could make their voices heard.

The chief reason was that "two-thirds of the young knights and squires knew not how else to employ themselves and looked to war as their means of support."

China did not learn her lesson of brigand warfare from Europe; she has often practised it during the ages of her history, but at least she can point to parallels as vicious in the deplorable records of the Western world.

STAMPING HIM OUT

A man has been fined 20s at Crewe for throwing greasy paper into the street, the magistrate pointing out that the Bench were determined to stamp out the untidy habit.

THE DONKEYS OF CLOVELLY

AND THE LAZY PEOPLE
THEY CARRY

The Sad Cruelty That Goes On
in a Famous Street

A CHANCE FOR KINDNESS

Now that the summer holidays are drawing to an end the C.N. would like to call attention to a matter which has caused us some concern since we walked up and down the famous street of Clovelly not many weeks ago.

Everybody knows this street; if they have not been there they have seen it in pictures. It is perhaps the quaintest street in England; there is no street like it, as far as we know, either in or out of Devon. It must be made up of a million round stones, and it seemed to us when we were there the other week that there must be nearly as many people always walking up and down! Certainly there were more people moving in the street than all the standing population of Clovelly.

A Window in Clovelly

We do not wonder at it, for this little hamlet of Devon, especially the little harbour at the bottom of the street, is a rare and lovely piece of England. The C.N. has an old friend whose cosy window looks out on Clovelly Harbour, and often when the world is bothering, as we sit in our window above the Thames, we wish we were down at this window in Clovelly, with all its restfulness and beauty and peace.

And yet this quaint and beautiful village has one of the most pitiful sights in England. Every summer's day its donkeys are made to carry grown-up people from the bottom to the top of this steep street.

The Lazy People

It is almost unbelievable that people can be so cruel, and we are glad to say that we were not alone in protesting as, one by one, big lazy men and women rode with painful slowness up this pebbled hill. It is true that there are rules which are supposed to be kept, but the rules are on the side of the loafing people and against the poor donkey, and we wish the R.S.P.C.A. would say a word for these patient creatures who cannot speak for themselves. The weight allowed on the donkey's back is much too heavy, and the man and woman we saw riding up the hill were the bulkiest pair of nine-stone people that we have seen for many a day.

Clovelly is clearly a well-governed little place, for we saw a good man busy picking up the litter of the Litter Louts. Could not those who try to keep Clovelly beautiful try also to keep it kind?

OBERAMMERGAU

The Magic Spell

A lady just home from Oberammergau says that what struck her most about the Passion Play was the dead silence of the vast audience.

There was no coughing and no fidgeting, though the seats were uncomfortable. She wondered, as the people came pouring in to take their seats, why many had come. Hundreds appeared to be rich and worldly, many were complacent shopkeepers, fast-looking young men and women, and so on.

Yet they all were under the spell; and may we make bold to think that they were all more or less consciously in need of the beautiful setting of the life of Christ as shown by the peasants.

One special thing struck our friend; it was the constant silence of Christ. Somewhat taller than the rest of the actors, He moved through the scenes very quietly. Provoked and goaded, He opened not His mouth. Of course we know this; but actually to see that patience and dignity was unforgettable.

THE BUS TICKET What To Do With It

The C.N. would like to congratulate all concerned on the growing tidiness of the public in disposing of its bus tickets.

Our experience suggests that more and more tickets are being dropped in the bus, and fewer thrown into the street.

We should like to express our appreciation of the London General's adoption of our suggestion concerning the notice inside the bus, which is now put not only at the back but at the front, so that passengers can read it as they sit. For years, as our readers know so well, the C.N. has run this slogan:

When You Go By Bus

Do not throw your ticket in the street

Drop it in the Bus

The London General, the best friend that moving London has, has adopted it in a different form, with the same meaning:

Orderly Streets Make an Orderly City

*Please tear your ticket in
half and leave it on the bus.*

We beg all C.N. readers to follow this advice and help to build up orderly cities by doing their share to keep orderly streets.

CHARLES STURT

A Centenary Stamp

Many of us with friends in Australia have been receiving letters bearing a new stamp, with the portrait of a man and these words: Sturt Explorer Centenary 1830: 1930.

As some of us have never heard of this brave explorer it is interesting to look him up in our Children's Encyclopedia.

Sturt was educated in England, and as soon as he was old enough he entered the Army. By the time he had reached the rank of captain he went out to South Australia with his regiment, and soon became interested in the geographical problems of that little-known continent.

In 1828 he took an expedition up country, and this led to the discovery of the Darling River. His second expedition made known the existence of Lake Alexandrina. From this expedition Sturt returned almost blind. In 1844 he set out on his last expedition, and this time he returned quite blind.

He stayed out in South Australia until 1853, when having retired on a pension he returned to England. One of the counties of South Australia is named after Sturt, and now the Australians are commemorating his explorations on these stamps. He died in England in 1869.

NEWS ABOUT A MUSHROOM

Wealth Unthought Of

Something very remarkable about a mushroom has been revealed by experiments made in Norwich.

New methods of chemical analysis which have been applied to mushrooms from Cromer and elsewhere have shown that they contain quite a number of metals. Calcium and potassium have been found in the gills and the stem, and lithium and iron in the skin. The gills of the mushroom contain quite a lot of phosphorous, but the surprising thing is that both silver and copper are present too.

The mushroom is thus a natural store of many elements, and it is rather puzzling to know just how and from where it gathers them.

To C.N. Motorists

**Do Not Buy Petrol
From Ugly Stations**

A QUARTER OF A MILE DOWN

EXPLORING THE OCEAN
DEPTHS

Great Naturalist's Steel Sphere
and What Happens in It

25-ACRE ISLAND

Nonsuch Island in the Bermudas has a school to which all the world looks for information about the Life of the Sea.

It is from this little island of 25 acres that the marine biologists of the Bermuda Oceanographical Station set out to walk on the floor of the sea.

They seek each year to explore deeper, and it is from this marine station, which is surrounded by tropic waters of a clearness such as can hardly be imagined in our northern latitudes, the Dr William Beebe and Mr Otis Borden launched their famous steel diving bell sphere. It has already been mentioned in the C.N., but a further description of this instrument of ocean research and its doings may well be given.

A Descent of 1400 Feet

It is a globe of one and a half inch steel, with quartz windows three inches thick. It is five feet in diameter, so that two men can easily sit down in it, and it will resist a pressure of 652 lbs. a square inch.

So constructed it can be lowered to depths of over 1000 feet without any risk of crushing; and in it Dr Beebe and Mr Borden, the engineer who constructed the globe, have made 15 descents, once to over 1400 feet below the surface. Their safety is provided for by a telephone wire to the surface, as well as a constant supply of oxygen in the steel globe and chemicals to neutralise the carbon dioxide expelled from their lungs. The used-up air bubbles away through a valve.

Even so there is peril in the descents, but the explorers of these depths have been rewarded by many discoveries of value, one of which is the depth, 700 feet, at which all but the violet-blue rays of light are cut off. The light would fail altogether at that depth in the North Sea, but the waters about the Bermuda isles are extraordinarily bright and clear.

Strange Dwellers in the Depths

Dr Beebe took a strong electric lamp down with him, and the light lured to the quartz windows of the globe many strange and luminous fish. Such fish when brought to the surface by a trawl net are nearly always dead, killed by the sudden change of pressure on their frames and breathing organs from tons at a quarter-mile below to a few pounds at the surface.

The steel globe is not a perfect instrument. So far it cannot be stopped from twirling rapidly round, and that is a great impediment to photography or exact observation. Much has been discovered, nevertheless, and more will be, at this station where

The remote Bermudas ride
On the ocean's bosom unespied

as they did nearly three centuries ago when the Commonwealth Puritan poet, Andrew Marvell, knew of them and wrote these lines.

A FISH STORY

Marius, who hails from Marseilles, was fishing one day from the banks of the Rhône when he dropped a franc piece into the water.

That happened last year, and the other day Marius returned to the same spot and caught a superb pike. Joyfully he returned home, and what do you think he found when he was preparing the fish for supper?

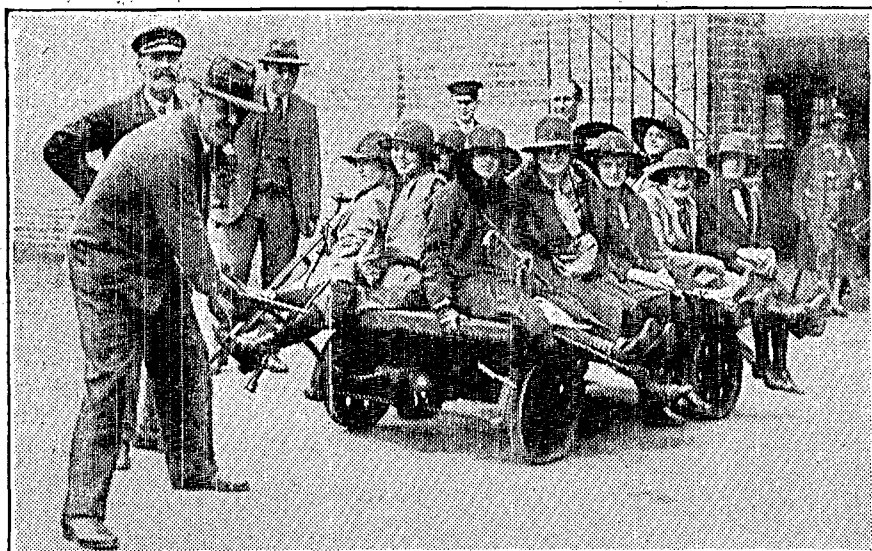
The franc piece, you will say. No; a 50-centime piece and two pieces of 25 centimes. The pike had given Marius small change for the franc piece he had let fall into the river.

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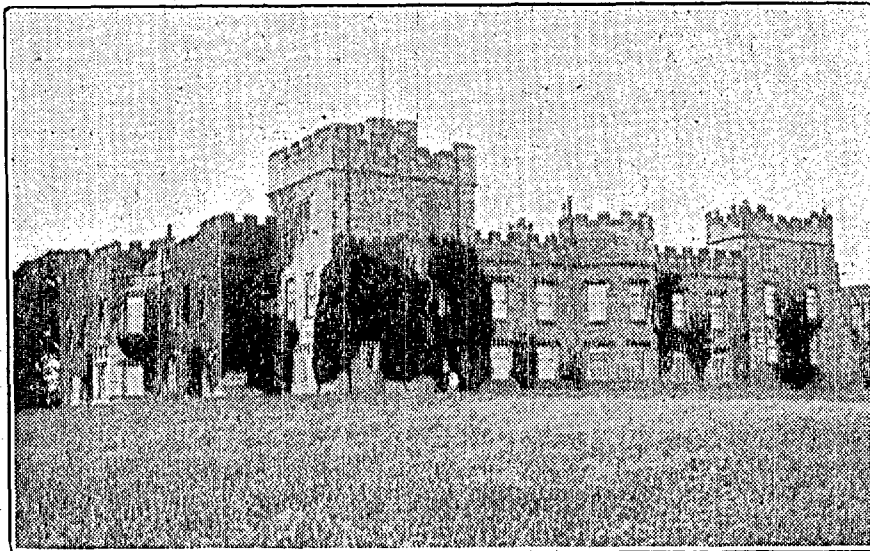
The Children's Newspaper

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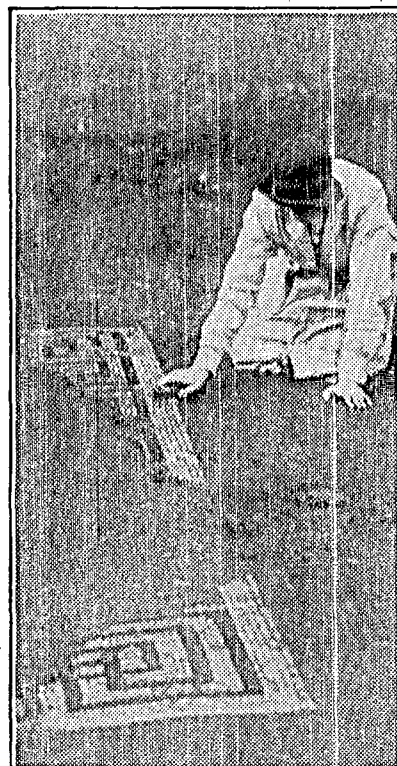
SAFETY FIRST BOYS · EXCURSIONS BY AIR · DISAPPEARING CASTLE



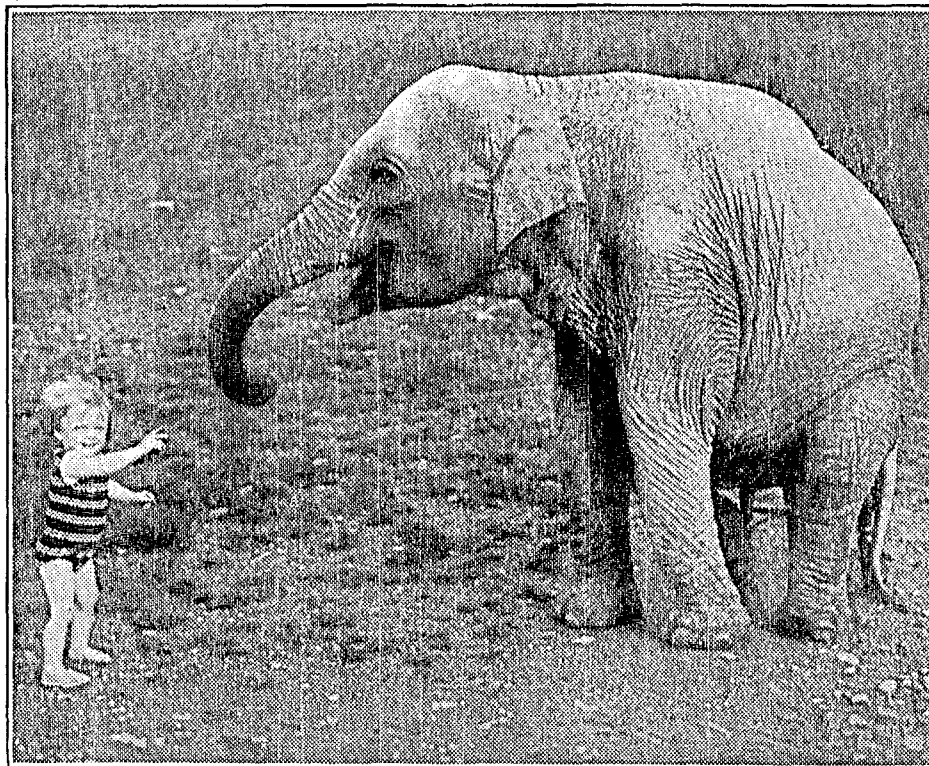
Holiday for Cripples—The girls in this picture are some of the crippled Rangers from Nottingham who, as described on page 1, were given a holiday by Bournemouth Rangers.



Disappearing Castle—Hornby Castle in Yorkshire is being demolished and sold. It has stood for 300 years, but in eighteen months it will have disappeared. See page 4.



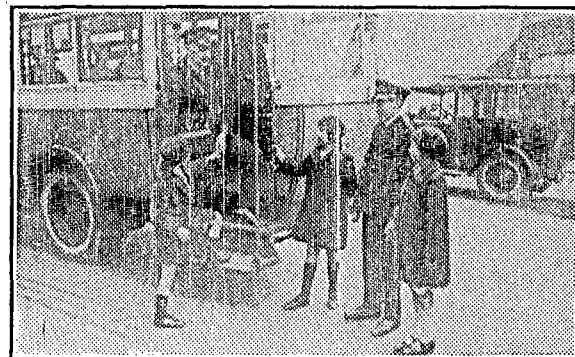
Roman Britain—The Roman city of Verulam at St Albans is being excavated by 30 young men and women from the universities. Here we see the mosaic pavement of a villa being scrubbed.



Two Babies—A young elephant is here seen sitting down on a chair as he gently takes a tit-bit from his little friend. The picture was taken at Scarborough.



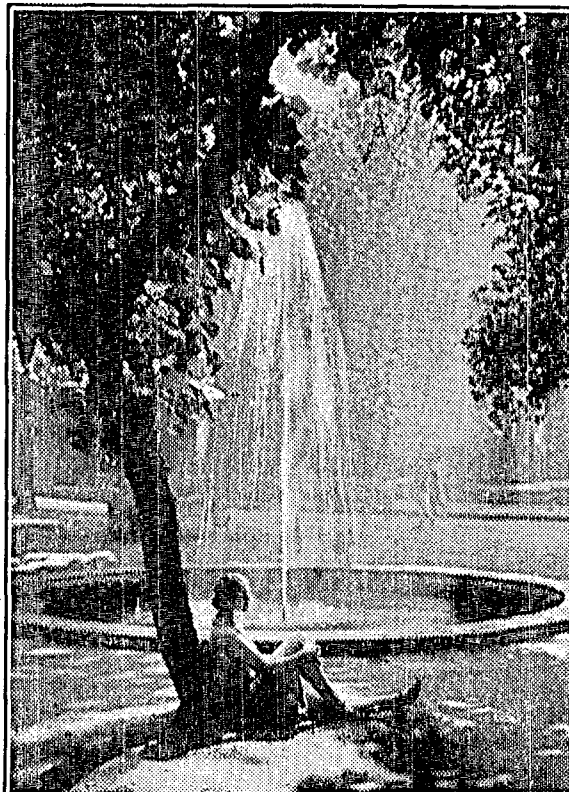
Girder in Sculpture—This fine sculpture by Mr Charles Jagger, A.R.A., symbolises modern building. It has been set up on the new home of Imperial Chemical Industries by the Thames at Millbank.



Safety First Boys—Uniformed boys are employed by the Walsall Corporation to conduct schoolchildren to the stopping-place of the buses that take them home.



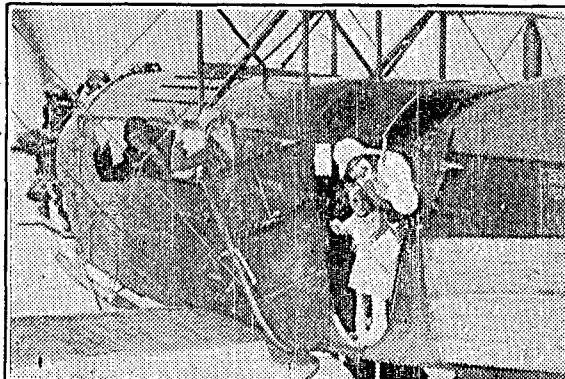
Boys Make a Swimming-Bath—Boys of St Marylebone Grammar School have been spending their holidays digging out a swimming-bath for themselves near Otley in Surrey.



A Shady Nook—This girl found that one of the coolest spots in London during the heat wave was Fountain Court in the Middle Temple.



Wealth from the Sea—The seaweed washed up on the shores of the Channel Islands is gathered as shown in this picture and sold for the manufacture of iodine and fertilisers.



Aerial Excursions—Day trips to the seaside from Hanworth Aerodrome near London were started the other day. In this picture we see the Eastbourne plane about to set off.

IS YOUR BUTCHER A KIND MAN? A Word or Two About Him

Humanity is marching on. The Humane Killer surely, if slowly, makes its way.

At Manchester a man has been fined for killing a beast without the Humane Killer; at Bury St Edmunds the butchers are finding themselves faced with the demand of many humane homes that they shall use the Humane Killer or lose their customers.

We take these notes from Canon Bird's excellent Diocesan Magazine, where Gashmu, in an article we strongly suspect to come from the Rectory, pleads in the spirit of the C.N. for mercy toward the poor beasts who must suffer for our sakes.

Having to buy so many of the things one needs for the house in Bury, it struck me it would be better to buy my beef here rather than from a cart from some neighbouring village. I could choose the joint I wanted instead of taking what Mr Bones thought I ought to have, living in the Marble Halls I do. Moreover, when my joint arrives late at night, after touring about in a hot motor-van all through a broiling summer's day, the cook has often remarked it looks tired. This is inevitable, and no reflection on Mr Bones, who is an excellent butcher. But to save money and to get the meat fresher, seemed to me good arguments for a change, when I had to go to Bury for other things.

A Question for Animal Lovers

In making the change the first question I naturally asked, as I had asked and got a satisfactory answer from my butcher in the neighbouring village when I began to deal with him, was—Do you use the Humane Killer?

Slaughterhouses are not pleasant places for any animal lover to think about, but surely if he be an animal lover, and if there be any spark of divine pity in his heart, it is one of the unpleasant things of life he will see to.

He who sees to the painless despatch of some trusted household friend and waxes sentimental over White Melville's "The place where the old horse died," ought to have religion enough to insist that the poor sheep and oxen, the pretty calves and the gentleman what pays the rent, are despatched as painlessly as possible. To shut one's eyes to these things seems to me to be pretty callous and ghastly, when a word from us would save untold pain.

Well, I soon found on inquiry that hardly anybody appeared to care. When I tackled one big butcher he said No; when I asked another he said Yes, but in such a way I was sure he was not giving me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. At last I went to the R.S.P.C.A. and got a list of where the Humane Killer was used. It was a very small list and it was not used at any of the shops to which I should normally have gone. The gentleman who was so confident in his assurance that he used it, I found only used it for pigs, for the rest the old horrible and uncertain pole-axe was used.

The Pole-Axe is Not Humane

One man I tackled boldly said he regarded the pole-axe as more humane than the Humane Killer. I would beg everyone who takes action as a result of reading this not to be put off with this butcher's defence of the pole-axe as humane, but to do a little thinking for himself. If he be prepared to think I would suggest to his mind the following consideration.

I have been playing what I call golf for some 30 years. For the uninitiated I may say that golf is a survival of medieval torture and consists in attempting to hit a white ball with tools ill-adapted for the purpose. Usually I do hit it—sometimes on the top, and occasionally, as all the good books advise, behind. I have even odd days when,

A KINDLY THING GOES ON AND ON The Good Work of Frederic Grosz

By Our Hungary Correspondent

Few institutions celebrating their centenaries have more reason to look back with satisfaction to their early beginnings than the Ophthalmic Hospital of Oradea Mare, a town which before the signing of the Peace Treaty belonged to Hungary.

It was founded in 1830, as the first Ophthalmic Hospital of the provinces, by a great Hungarian oculist and philanthropist, Dr Frederic Grosz, for the benefit of poor patients. Between 1830 and 1855 about 30,000 sufferers from eye trouble received free treatment, with board and lodging, and often their railway fare. Dr Grosz had a large and remunerative practice in the town, but he spent all he earned on his poorer patients.

It is pleasant to know that this good man's genius and his kind heart live after him, both in his grandson, Professor Emil Grosz of Budapest University, an oculist of world renown, and in his great-granddaughter, the English Mrs Charles Rothschild, whose right hand kept more poor families alive after the war than her left hand will ever know.

THE MAN WHO SAID NOTHING

Tale of a Tea Party

The other day at a tea party a lady entertained everybody with an account of how she felt when flying for the first time to Paris.

In the room were several men, and when the party was over somebody said to a friend going home:

"Did you notice Mr F.? He is a celebrated air pilot, but he did not mention it or interrupt that lady once. He has himself flown to Mesopotamia and back."

"Perhaps he knew that she had never had such an adventure before and never will again," said the other. "Anyway, I do like him for not interrupting."

How precious a thing is reticence! Would not a certain famous cricketer the other day have done far better under a disappointment if he had suffered it in dignified silence, as General Smith-Dorrien, that great soldier who died not long ago, endured his rebuke and withdrawal from France after he had done what he could and done it magnificently well?

Continued from the previous column

returning home, I nod familiarly to that grizzled warrior, Colonel Bogey.

But that is not every day. There are days when I cannot hit the wretched thing. Yet the spot I aim at is at rest. But the poor, roped, frightened beast's head is not at rest. What honest man can say that to swing at such an object can give the same merciful result which the Humane Killer always does?

The sense of death is most in apprehension, And the poor beetle that we tread upon In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great As when a giant dies.

I would submit that to have a care for this whole creation of God which groaneth and travaileth in pain waiting for the redemption would become well the followers of Him who still can move men when He talks of a sheep when it is lost.

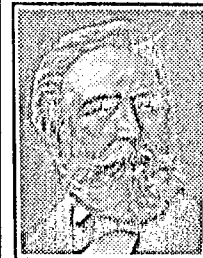
I hope there may be sportsmen who have sufficient practical religion in them and sufficient moral courage to go and talk to these butchers in places like Bury and show them plainly that, if those who make the local byelaws are apathetic, there is sufficient Christian opinion about to compel them to do what has long been of necessity in bigger places.

A LIFE OF THE WEEK Hungary's Great Man

On September 19, 1802, Louis Kossuth was born.

Louis Kossuth is the most widely-known patriot of the Hungarian race. There is no more remarkable instance in history of the power of oratory. It may be doubted whether any other man has so influenced a nation by speech.

He was born in rural Hungary, son of an advocate who ranked by descent among the untitled nobility. After education at home and at Budapest University he joined his father's business, but soon became steward for a large estate and gained experience attending the county assembly.



Louis Kossuth

Hungary at that time, unlike many European countries, had a kind of national government, though she was controlled by Austria, a country which resented any national feeling in the different races under her emperor. There were meetings of the Hungarian nobles, a powerful landowning class, and meeting of county assemblies. Occasionally a parliament called a Diet was summoned; but Austria could negative any laws proposed.

Learning English in Prison

When the Diet met young Kossuth went there as a deputy representing Count Hunyadi, who wanted some degree of reform. Kossuth could not vote or speak in the Diet, but he could be there, and write what was said and done to his patron. Kossuth later started a private parliamentary gazette, which he lithographed and sent round. This was prohibited. When the Diet was dissolved, this dangerous man began reporting the local assemblies and creating a public spirit in all who read what he wrote. He was charged with high treason, and sentenced to four years' imprisonment.

Those years in prison were the making of Kossuth. He was allowed books, and from them he learned English. His release came in 1840. Then he started a newspaper. Everybody read it. It appealed to national pride. When the Government secured his dismissal as an editor he took to speechmaking, and roused his countrymen by his voice.

Soon he advocated Hungarian political and commercial independence of Austria. When another Parliament was held he was elected member for Budapest, and became the leader of the most advanced Party. Many liberal-minded Hungarians did not go as far as he went when he wished to sever all connection with Austria; but when he was outlawed the country rallied to his side.

The Exiled Patriot

In the war that followed Kossuth did not shine so much as holder of men together as he had in inspiring them to adopt a good cause, and eventually he left the fighting to their stern General Gorgei. Austria was being shaken by war and by rebellion, but she was saved by Russia—always the enemy of freedom from that day to this. Russia invaded Hungary. Then the Hungarians were defeated and Kossuth left his country.

He surrendered to Turkey. Austria and Russia used every means to induce Turkey to give him up but, to her credit, she would not. Kossuth came in an American ship to England, where he had a great reception. Afterwards he went to the United States, and later returned to Europe, living in England and in Italy. He never returned to Hungary, though when she gained a satisfactory freedom he was elected to her Parliament in 1867. After his death on March 20, 1894, his country claimed his body, and he lies at Budapest in an honourable grave.

A YOUNG MAN CHANGES HIS MIND

People are asking themselves what is going to happen when the Indian disorders are over. Can those bitter feelings be forgotten?

Surely we hope so. Some of us can remember the far greater bitterness that burned in South Africa during the long Boer War. Yet that terrible bitterness has turned into brotherhood.

After the Peace Conference which ended that war a Boer named Reitz who had been president of the Orange Free State went into self-chosen exile with his four sons. All had fought in the war, and vowed not to live in their country after defeat.

A Thrilling Book

Deneys Reitz, who was 17 at the beginning of that campaign, lived in Madagascar for some time till he had a letter from Mrs Smuts, under whose husband he had fought. Mrs Smuts asked the boy if he thought he was a better man than her husband. If Smuts could afford to serve his people under the Union Jack, surely Reitz could do the same.

The shaft went home.

Reitz came back from the fever-infested forests where he had made a living by conveying goods by ox transport. He brought back with him two things—malaria and his story of the war. He finished it in 1903, and now at last it has been given to the world with the title of *Commando*.

A finer, more thrilling book has not been published for years. It is packed full of adventure, yet carries no drops of bitterness.

The Courage of the Boers

Again and again young Reitz and his comrades were cut off and outnumbered. Typical is the story of how, after marching forty hours in a vain effort to get clear, they found the noose tightening round them at dusk. They were at bay round a small farmhouse and kraal in a hollow, too tired to care what happened, and certain that the British would call on them to surrender themselves at dawn.

Then out of the house came hobbling a hunchbacked cripple on crutches. He offered to lead them through the English troops to the edge of a tableland by a way unlikely to be watched, as it ran through very boggy soil.

Off they went in the darkness, passing so close to the British that they could hear men talking and horses champing their bits. After an anxious mile or two he brought them to the edge of an escarpment, and they went down what was very like a precipice with many mishaps but no serious damage.

The Chivalry of the British

The brave cripple went back to his farm where, next day, the astonished Britons found only a few wounded men. It is a thing to remember with thankfulness that the Boers left the serious casualties for the British to pick up. "There was never any hesitation in abandoning a wounded man to the mercy of the troops, in the sure knowledge that he would be taken away and carefully nursed, a certainty that went far to soften the asperities of the war."

When the Boer cause was lost and the leaders went to the peace conference some of them travelled on a British man-of-war, and the naval officers vied with one another in making them welcome; not one word was said to hurt their pride. All the British troops, too, treated the defeated men with courtesy, and soldiers stood to attention at Standerton when the tattered Boer cavalcade went by.

So Reitz was able to forget the bitterness of the war, and in another war he commanded the 1st Royal Scots Fusiliers. That, he hoped, was a war to end war, and so hope we all,

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THE ARROW IN THE SKY

A Region of Great Beauty

THE DUMB-BELL NEBULA

By the C.N. Astronomer

The dark nights to be expected during next week will make it possible to explore an interesting and beautiful stellar region north of Aquila, the celestial Eagle, described last week. It lies above the bright star Altair where there will be found a row of rather small stars—shown in the star-map; these represent the small constellation of Sagitta, the Arrow, which does not appear to be aimed at the Eagle, or the Swan above it, but rather at Vulpecula, the Fox which is shown running off with Anser, the Goose.

Actually the Arrow is a constellation of very great antiquity, going back to the days of the Phoenicians, ancient



The chief stars of the Arrow, together with those in the vicinity of the Dumb-Bell Nebula

Greeks, and Persians, whereas the Fox and Goose above it are but 200 years old. Sometimes Sagitta is shown as being held by the Eagle's talons; it is also believed by some to represent Cupid's Arrow, in which case the boy Antinous, who is being carried off by an Eagle which has his belt in its beak, might well represent Cupid himself.

These mythical stories, however, chiefly serve to trace the great antiquity and world-wide representation of a constellation, otherwise they are purely symbolical. So we find that this insignificant little constellation of the Arrow is very much mixed up in several ancient stories.

It is of much more interest to us today on account of its stellar marvels, for it lies across the Milky Way and when viewed even through field-glasses on a dark and very clear night the region all around will be found to be one of great beauty, with the faint radiance of millions of suns seen in the far distance as a dim luminous cloud.

Compared with these the stars forming the Arrow are comparatively close to us. Zeta in Sagitta is the nearest known, and though not the brightest is the most interesting because Zeta is composed of two suns. These are at a distance of 136 light-years and are travelling together toward the north-east.

Patch of Faint Light

Delta in Sagitta is next and has been found to be at a distance of 171 light-years, while Beta in Sagitta has been found to be 251 light-years away. Gamma in Sagitta is still farther off, 325 light-years from us. Alpha's distance is much greater and somewhat uncertain, but from the latest measurements at Yale Observatory it appears to be about 650 light-years distant.

Due north of Gamma and about six times the Moon's apparent width away a small patch of faint light may be seen now with good field-glasses. This is the famous Dumb-Bell Nebula; it is actually within the confines of Vulpecula, and if the magnification be strong enough the light will be seen to be composed of two oval masses, which viewed through a small telescope are connected together in a way that resembles a dumb-bell.

It is known as Messier 27, and when photographed through a powerful telescope with some hours of exposure an immense amount of detail is revealed together with what appears to be a great sun exactly in the centre of whirling masses and streams of nebulousity or luminous mist.

G. F. M.

C. L. N.

One Thing the League Has Done

Number of Members—13,289

There have often been periods in history when, for one reason or another, men have had to leave their own land and go to another.

In olden days it was often possible for them to seek refuge in new lands that belonged to no nation. We know how the Pilgrim Fathers left these shores and settled in North America. Today there are no unclaimed lands to which refugees can go. They can only enter other lands by permission of the Governments which rule over them. Yet there are today millions of refugees who since the war have had to flee from their own countries and seek refuge elsewhere.

A new way of providing new homes for them has therefore had to be found; it has been one of the chief duties of the League of Nations.

What Airmen Found

It has been a big task. For instance, some of the Armenian refugees from Turkey are being settled in Syria, but it was often difficult to find places with a good water supply. One such difficulty was overcome as the result of an aeroplane survey made of the district lying between the Euphrates and the Khabar Rivers. A flying officer discovered the remains of the old Roman irrigation works, and these are now being repaired and brought into use again to irrigate the land for the refugees.

Members of the C.L.N. promise to help the League of Nations by learning about its work and helping to secure for it the support of public opinion, without which it can never succeed. Are you doing your part? How many new members can you get this week?

How to Join the League

All letters should be addressed:
Children's League of Nations,
15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1.
No letters should be sent to the C.N. office.

With each application for membership should be sent sixpence in stamps for the card and badge. Please give your name and address, birthday and year, and the name of your school.

A DIFFICULT HARVEST

Wind, Rain, and the Troubled Farmers

The recurrent rain of this summer has been a great trouble to the farmer and has cost him heavily.

Storms have laid the corn low, spoiling much of the grain and increasing the expense of cutting. Sometimes the corn has had to be raised and eased before it could be cut. Laid and twisted crops of corn and grass have been very common this year.

It is very unfortunate, for a bad return for the farmers will increase the national difficulties by making them poorer customers of industry. So many of us live in the towns that we do not always appreciate the difficulties of those who labour in the fields. Let our thoughts and sympathy go out to them.

KENT IN YOUR POCKET

Those who would like a handy Pocket Guide to Kent (and who would not?) will be delighted with the little volume which has made its way into Bell's Pocket Guides to our English Counties (Kent, by S. E. Winbolt, 6s.). Its photogravure pictures are alone worth the money: they are a sheer delight.

Mr Winbolt has packed his little book full with curious and useful information about hundreds of places and probably thousands of things, and we bespeak for this admirable little volume a very great popularity with all who explore the sacred English ground that we call Kent.

THE DYING GLADIATOR

Picture of a Chariot Race

DISCOVERY ON AN ESSEX ROAD

A find has lately been made in Colchester which turns our minds to the silver cups on study mantelshelves or in school libraries.

Those cups tell of contests won by so-and-so, or by such-and-such a team. They recall a day's excitement, a few weeks' glory. Where will they be in two thousand years? We cannot imagine that they will exist at all.

And yet two glass cups of the same sort have survived ever since the Roman occupation of Colchester, which began in the year 44. One of them, now in the British Museum, is decorated by a picture of a chariot race, an inscription giving the names of the four chariotcers, and saying who was the winner.

The other cup, which has just been found by workmen making the new by-pass road, belongs to the Colchester and Essex Museum. It is of sea-green glass and shows a gladiator fight between two men with large helmets, short swords, and oblong shields.

The End of a Fight

Perhaps it would be better to say it shows the end of a fight, for one of the men is prostrate. We should not care to drink today from a cup decorated by someone's death agony, but the Romans were no more shocked at the idea of men killing one another for sport than the Master of the Devon and Somerset Hunt is shocked at the idea of killing stags.

Who was the prostrate gladiator? Like the most tragic of all statues, the Dying Gaul, he is nameless, because this glass has only survived in fragments, and the part inscribed with the name of the combatants is missing.

We should like to know those names for the sake of the vanquished rather than the victor, and we hope that the clumsy Roman housemaid who broke the glass got a good scolding. But perhaps, after all, it was no housemaid's fault. Perhaps the Sporting Trophy did not come to pieces in her hands, but under Boadicea's heel in the sack of Colchester.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address.

How Many Characters Are There in Dickens's Books?

Just over 1550, and he names over 200 places.

How Does a Thermos Keep the Tea Hot?

Between the outside wall and the inside of the flask where the tea is a space which is either a vacuum or contains some non-conducting material, so that the heat cannot easily pass away from the tea to the outside air.

Which Are the Ten Largest Cities in the World?

They are, with their populations: London, 7,849,000; New York, 6,958,000; Berlin, 4,013,588; Chicago, 3,157,400; Paris, 2,838,416; Osaka, 2,333,800; Tokyo, 2,218,400; Philadelphia, 2,064,200; Buenos Aires, 2,042,296; Moscow, 2,025,947.

Is a Tomato a Fruit or a Vegetable?

Both. As a scientific term a vegetable is any plant as distinct from an animal, but in a limited sense it is a plant used for culinary purposes and in this sense the tomato is a vegetable. But the tomato is also the fruit of the plant *Lycopersicon*, a native of South America. The cabbage, Brussels sprout, potato, turnip, and carrot are not fruits; but the pea and bean are.

What is the Anson By-law?

A by-law framed by the Board of Education in 1903 when Sir William Anson was Parliamentary Secretary. It provided that children need not attend school during religious instruction if their parents had made a request to that effect. It was for adoption by local authorities where parents wished to arrange for the religious education of their children elsewhere than at school.



Its Handy Form makes Gibbs Dentifrice

more popular than any tooth paste or powder

Gibbs Dentifrice is easy to use—handy to pack or carry—trim and tidy. Men, Women and Children alike are charmed with the neat little tablet in the natty aluminium case. Gibbs Dentifrice slips handily into suit-case or school-bag.

Gibbs—the British—Dentifrice cleans all the surfaces of the teeth and all the nooks and crannies. Polishing is gentle and teeth glow with a lovely natural pearly lustre.

Keep your teeth safe and sound. Buy a case of Gibbs Dentifrice to-day.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—defend them with

Gibbs
Dentifrice
BRITISH MADE

GD 424

Popular size 7d.; Large size 1/-; De Luxe 1/6; Refills 11d. For those who prefer a paste, Gibbs Dental Cream—in Tubes 6d. and 1/-.

(These prices do not apply in the Irish Free State)

D. & W. GIBBS, LTD., LONDON, E.1.

Clean, Healthy Adventure Stories for Boys

Every boy likes CHUMS, the grand old weekly paper that his father liked before him. It is always packed with thrilling adventure stories and the sort of articles on games and hobbies that every manly boy likes best. Buy this week's issue and see for yourself how good it is.

CHUMS

Every Saturday, 2d.

EAST END MISSION

15,000 Children from homes of poverty in East End slums will, this summer, be given a day's holiday at the seaside or in the country. 2/- pays for one child, giving him, or her, twelve hours' happiness. Between 500 and 600 of the most delicate and sickly boys and girls will be sent to a holiday home for a fortnight at a cost of 30/- each. Tired-out mothers and old people will also be given a holiday. Stepney is London's most over-crowded and poorest borough. Please send generous help. Contributions, greatly needed, thankfully acknowledged by the Rev. F. W. CHURCHILL, East End Mission, Commercial Road, Stepney, London, E.1.

The Value of Vitamines in your children's diet.

"The vitamine found in Beef Suet is not only essential to growth, but is also a potent factor of immunity or protection against certain infections, and tuberculous infection in particular. We begin to value Beef Suet more than ever. We discover that it is found to contain the priceless protective factor (Vitamines or Fat Soluble 'A')."—Dr. Saleeby.

There are many distinct uses for "Atora" in your kitchen, to the lasting benefit of your family. Send us a post card now for our Booklet of 100 tested recipes.

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SHREDDED for Puddings, Ploerust, Mince meat, etc., and for addition to milk puddings and porridge it is supreme.
In BLOCKS for Frying Meat, Fish and Potatoes, for Basting, and all Cooking purposes it is unsurpassed.
In small packets, and 4-oz., 8-oz. and 16-oz. cartons.
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ONLY TWO WEEKS LEFT

IN WHICH TO COMPETE FOR

A BIG MONEY PRIZE

in Spillers Dog Photo Competition

Children! Get out your camera right away—or borrow one—and make up your minds to get a winning picture in this jolly competition! It is all quite simple and such topping good fun! It need not be your dog—any dog of which you can get a happy snap will do. He need not be a clever dog like the one in this picture... just use your imagination and take every chance of getting a really interesting "doggy" picture... You need not be a skilled photographer... it's originality that counts. All Boys and Girls who are under Sixteen on the 30th September can enter in the Junior Class. BUT HURRY UP; there are only two weeks left!

CLOSING DATE
SEPTEMBER 30th, 1930

SPECIAL PRIZES FOR JUNIOR CLASS

1st PRIZE £10. 2nd PRIZE £5.
3rd PRIZE £2 : 10 : 0.

Fifteen Prizes of 5/- each, Thirty Prizes of 2/6 each, and 100 Consolation Prizes of a Splendid Book on Dogs issued by Spillers.

Tell your Parents about the Big Cheques which are waiting to be won in the two classes open to grown ups.

Obtain free entry form from retailers of Spillers celebrated Dog and Puppy Foods, or Kodak Photographic Dealers; also from suppliers of Liquid Sorex, the ideal Dog Wash, or direct from

SPILLERS VICTORIA FOODS, Photo Competition Dept., 56, Jacob St., Bormondsoy, London, S.E.1. (Branch of Spillers Limited.)

There are £500 in prizes in the two Adult Classes.

THE SHEEP OF A THOUSAND HILLS

Flocks of 250,000

The valley sheep are fatter but the mountain sheep are sweeter. They are coming down from the Welsh mountains to be dipped.

The great drive of a quarter of a million began at Llanrhaidr-yn-Mochnant, where the border lines of Merioneth, Montgomery, and Denbigh meet. Hundreds of shepherds and their dogs gathered their flocks from the long hillsides and shepherded them down the ridges and by way of the ravines.

Many people gathered to see them, watching a sight indescribably restful and moving.

The drive on the first day followed the whole line of the Denbighshire hills, past Chirk Castle to Llangollen and over the Berwyn Mountains past Corwen and Bala, to the heights of Cader Idris, the Arrans, and the Arenigs.

The sheep are dipped to prevent any spread of an epidemic skin infection.

CRAWLING ON TO A GALLOPING HORSE

The Policeman as Circus Rider

When a horse drawing a light van suddenly took fright in Hackney the other day there were many people about, but not the driver.

Constable Edwards feared that a child would be knocked down, and he determined to try to stop the runaway; but all he could do was to jump into the back of the van, crawl on to the horse's back, and seize its ears. The horse was a little hampered by its strange burden, and another constable was able to spring at its head. Between them the two policemen brought the runaway to a halt.

No wonder Gilbert declared that a policeman's lot is not a happy one. Besides regulating traffic and giving first-aid he has to display the agility of a circus rider at times—and without soft sawdust to fall on!

ERNEST ANSON FINDS HIS GLASSES

Some people grumble at the Post Office, but Mr Ernest Anson has another tale to tell.

During a recent visit to London he wished to watch the Test Match, and, failing to get seats on the ground, he hired a window in a house near by.

When he got home he realised that he had left a pair of field-glasses behind.

He could not recall the number of the house or the name of the street, and did not know the name of the owner. The householder knew nothing about him.

What was to be done? A letter was written, and on the envelope a drawing of the house was made, showing a lamp-post in front of it, and its relation to the scoring board. The envelope was posted as a forlorn hope, but a reply came almost by return of post.

ST. KILDA MOVES

When the St Kilda islanders left the home which had been that of their forefathers for centuries the last letters from the island were dispatched also.

But the Last Post at St Kilda was followed by the Reveille at Morven in Argyll, where some of the emigrating islanders have been settled. Almost to the last there was some confusion about their new Land of Refuge. More than one place was mentioned, and the C.N. was misled by a plausible report that the town of Hull and the island of Mull was designated.

But the islanders will be islanders no more. Their cows, which had to swim out from the jetty, and the hundreds of semi-wild sheep will find with them a new home in Morven on the mainland, where, however wildly the winter winds may blow, there will be neighbours and the resources of Scotland close at hand.

LURIANA LURILEE

A VERY REMARKABLE THING

The Time and the Place and the People and the Book

HOW THEY CAME TOGETHER

From a Correspondent

Said a friend to me: "You live near a good public library. Do me a kindness, and find out, if you can, who wrote the haunting lines which occur in Virginia Woolf's book *To the Lighthouse*, and begin:

*Come out and climb the garden path,
Luriana Lurilee.
The china rose is all a-bloom and buzzing
with the yellow bee."*

She read the lines over to the end, and I promised to try to find out their origin. I had many a search in the shelves of the public library, but all in vain. I could not trace the poem or the writer.

Then a strange thing happened. I was about to travel, and not having read *To the Lighthouse*, and being filled with a longing to do so, I decided to take it with me. I took it out from my library.

The Tall Woman

With the book under my arm I was walking through a street in Bath when there passed me a tall woman with beautiful amber hair and a fine spiritual face. It was the author herself; one saw that instantly from a portrait.

Suddenly flashed through my mind the thought: "There has passed me only a moment ago the one person in this whole world who could tell me the origin of *Luriana Lurilee*." Quick as the thought I flew after the vanishing figure, the book magically opening as I did so at the lines,

*Come out and climb the garden path,
Luriana Lurilee.*

The writer of *To the Lighthouse* must have been astonished when her book was presented open to her in a crowded street, and by a complete stranger, but she gave a most kind and satisfying answer. The lines were written by Charles Elton, a barrister, she explained, and they date back as far as 1850.

That the time, the place, the book, the poem, the seeker, and the writer of the book should all occur together was surely one of those fortunate and remarkable happenings which occur about once in a lifetime.

BABIES FIRST

Cats and Their Little Ones

First the cat carried her kittens to safety, then she woke the household.

This prudent cat belonged to the Baroness von Wittgenstein, who lives at Cassel. While she and her daughter and the governess slept the house caught fire. The cat awoke, and, having saved her own family, saved the lives of her mistress and the other two by scratching and mewing at the door of the bedroom where all three were sleeping.

The cat must have been persistent, for the house was in flames when the baroness woke just in time to escape with her little girl and the governess.

We hope this faithful and efficient night watchman will receive due reward as happened to the cat of St Mary's at Marlborough.

When the old church was burned down centuries ago the onlookers saw a cat running along the blazing roof with a kitten in her mouth. She saved it, and saved the others for which she returned.

The old church was rebuilt, and today we may see, sculptured underneath the roof-caves of the nave, the image of the devoted cat whose mother love was thus remembered.

CANNIBAL ISLAND

Serial Story by
T. C. Bridges

CHAPTER 49

The Coming of the Yacht

"GONE!" cried Don. "Who's gone?"

"Gabe, his men, the whole lot," Mark answered. "Listen! I can hear them." As he spoke there came again the same dull roar which Jim had heard before, and a red glow lit the black sky. The glow rose from the head of the volcano, and the ominous crimson glare shining on the dark surface of the lagoon showed a large canoe racing for the channel at the inner end of the great pool.

"Yes, there they are!" said Don bitterly. "How came you to let them go, Jim?" He turned as he spoke, and in the light of the red flame from the volcano saw something redder and darker on Jim's face.

"You're hurt!" he exclaimed sharply. "Nothing to speak of," Jim answered. "Someone sneaked up behind me and tried to hit me on the head. Luckily I turned in time. It's only my ear that's cut."

Don stared at his brother. "You're as white as a sheet. You're in pain," he said.

"I got rather a knock on the shoulder," said Jim, and just then he staggered, and Don caught him.

"Come below. Chi will fix you up. You take charge, Mark."

Jim tried to remonstrate, but he was so giddy he could hardly stand.

Don helped him below and called Chi, who quickly stripped off Jim's shirt, showing a terrible bruise on his right shoulder. The long, yellow fingers worked quickly, feeling the bone.

"It's not bloke," he said. "I make you well quick." He soaked a pad of cloth in some queer-smelling compound from a bottle, and bound it deftly on the injured shoulder; and almost at once the throbbing pain began to cease.

Mark came down into the saloon.

"Redburn's gone too, Don. I suppose it's no use chasing them?"

"I haven't the least intention of doing anything of the sort," replied Don. "And as for Redburn, I'm only too glad to be quit of him."

"The question is whether they'll attack us," said Mark.

"They'll have to be quick if they do," Don answered, "for I mean to sail the moment there's light enough to see."

"And a jolly good job too," agreed Mark. "I've had enough of Venga."

He turned to Jim. "What's happened?" he asked.

Jim explained how the noise of the eruption from the volcano had made him move in the nick of time.

"H'm! Jolly lucky he didn't get you where he meant to," said Mark, "for if you hadn't managed to warn us Gabe would most certainly have polished us all off. He wanted the Dolphin."

"But who was it that tackled Jim?" Don questioned. "It wasn't Redburn, for he was locked up with the rest for the night."

"It must have been someone from the settlement," Jim said. "I told you Parami vowed he heard someone moving among the trees. Anyhow, the canoe shows it must have been someone from the shore."

Don nodded. "Yes; there might have been a dozen men hidden for all we could see. Now the best we can do is to swallow some breakfast for we're off the moment there's a gleam of daylight."

"I think that velly good notion," said Chi, who was standing by Jim. "I go make coffee."

Again the volcano's voice shook the still air and the blood-red glow which had died down shone through the ports.

"If that thing's going to play up, the sooner we get out the better," said Jim.

"I don't think much of that," Mark told him. "I've seen it before, and it's always more or less active. Still, this is a nasty place, and I quite agree with Don that the sooner we're out of it the better. Now what about that petrol?"

Jim wanted to help, but Don ordered him to lie still on the couch and he and Mark went off about their work. Parami was posted on deck, armed with Mark's rifle, to keep guard in case any attack was made by Gabe.

Presently Chi came in and set the table, and a few minutes later returned with a tray on which was a pot of hot coffee, a big dish of fried bacon, bread and butter, and fruit. He called the others, and they all sat down.

By the time they had finished the false dawn was showing in the East. The volcano seemed to have quieted down again, but the sky was still red above, its fiery

summit, showing that the crater was full of molten lava. Presently Don gave orders to heave up the anchor, then Chi started the engine, and the Dolphin began to turn.

The light was still faint, and Don, who was at the wheel, made Chi throttle down so that the schooner had barely steerage way. And so she crept very slowly through the narrow channel leading to the open sea. Jim drew a long breath as the little vessel passed beyond the mangrove screen into open water.

"We're out of that place at last," he said. "Now for the lagoon, and then Thursday Island."

The grey sky changed to pink and gold, then up out of the sea sprang the great globe of the Sun, turning the dull waters to sparkling light, and just then Parami's voice came from the bows:

"Ship, Cap'n Don. I see ship."

Jim looked up, and there was a big vessel driving down from the East parallel with the coast. She was all white paint and twinkling brass, a fine sight as she came rapidly on with a white wave curling under her sharp bow.

Jim hurried across to Don. "A yacht," he said.

"Some American millionaire," Don answered. "See; she's flying the Stars and Stripes."

"But what is she doing here?" he added in a puzzled voice.

Mark chimed in. "I can tell you that. She's the Osceola, Amos Seward's yacht. You won't have to take your pearls very far to market, Don."

Jim whistled. "My word, what luck! Don, we'll make him pay top price for them."

"You can leave that to me," said Don with a smile.

"Hullo! She's slackening up and signalling. Let's go and see what she has to say." He spun the wheel as he spoke, and the Dolphin turned in the direction of the bigger ship. Within less than five minutes the two vessels were close alongside.

"What's the matter?" said Don sharply. "Why doesn't someone show up?"

"You forget," said Jim with a laugh. "It's only just after six. They're all in bed still."

"Of course," said Don, smiling back, and then a head appeared over the rail of the Osceola, and a voice said:

"Heave to or I shall blow you out of the water."

CHAPTER 50

Back to Venga

THE voice was Jansen's, and the great round face was that of the big Dutchman. Jim could only stare unbelievably while Don himself could find nothing to say. What could he say when the muzzle of a three-inch gun pointed straight down upon the deck of the Dolphin and he knew that one shell would send the little schooner to the bottom?

"You will come close alongside," continued Jansen in his precise English. "Then you will come aboard, you, your brother, and Mr Weldon. You will be wise to do exactly as I say, for otherwise I shall open fire at once."

Jim's eyes flashed.

"He won't, Don," he whispered. "He dare not risk the pearls. Let's run for it."

"I would if there was a dog's chance," groaned Don, "but she can travel three yards to our two. No; we must do as he says and trust to something turning up."

Jim's feelings were beyond description as he, his brother, and Mark climbed aboard. The disaster was so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that it took all the heart out of him. Jansen smiled like a great cat as his prisoners came over the rail.

"You are surprised," he said; "but you must learn that it takes more than a couple of Englishmen to defeat Dirck Jansen."

"Brains have nothing to do with it," retorted Don curtly. "It was simply luck that this yacht happened to enter the lagoon yesterday. And it must have been by sheer treachery that you captured her."

It was in Jim's mind to leap at the huge bully and bear him down, as he had done once before, and chance the consequences; but perhaps his intention showed in his face, for Jansen's hand came out of his pocket grasping an automatic pistol. At the same moment Sangata and the other Malays closed in, and Don, Jim, and Mark were hustled below and thrust into an empty cabin, the door of which was at once locked.

"Oh, what fools we are!" groaned Jim as he flung himself down on the bare bunk.

Continued on the next page

Battles are won in bathrooms Napoleon knew



BUSY as he was over the map of Europe, Napoleon always tried to find time for his bath. He revelled in it. Who knows how many campaigns were planned there as the steam rose round the Little Corporal!

Bathrooms are great battlefields. There's a fight going on there to-day — as every Lifebuoy-campaigner knows. Come and help. Your enemy is the army of illness-germs hiding in the dirt on your hands and face. Your big gun is Lifebuoy Soap — specially powerful, with extra long range. Keep pounding away. Bring Lifebuoy Soap into action before meals, and plan a daily bath campaign. Come on, Health Generals — wash away these enemies of health!

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First past the post leaps Sunny Jim, "Force" is the power that's driving him.

ASK MOTHER TO GET YOU THIS BREAKFAST
FORCE AND MILK

"Come now, Jim, that's not fair," said Mark. "None of us could possibly have known that Jansen had stolen this yacht."

"No; but we ought never to have left him at the lagoon," returned Jim.

"Perhaps not, but it's too late for useful repentance," said Mark. "And now, instead of lamenting about the fix we are in, suppose we see if we can think of any way out."

"There's none," retorted Jim. "Jansen has slipped up once, but he's not likely to do it a second time."

"Our chances are no worse than yours when he had you on the Stiletto, Jim," Mark said, so quietly that Jim felt ashamed. "I'm sorry, Mark. I'll do anything you and Don say."

Mark nodded.

"Well, the first thing is to find out what's going to happen, then to shape our plans accordingly. But speak low. The odds are someone is listening outside."

Jim looked out of the port.

"He's going aboard the Dolphin," he said in a whisper. "He'll get the pearls."

Don nodded.

"They're in the safe. He's bound to get them," he whispered back.

"The red ones too?"

"Yes; they're all there."

"If you ask me," said Mark, "he'll take the Dolphin and scuttle this craft."

"Why?" asked Jim. "This yacht is bigger and faster than the Dolphin."

"But she's too well known," Mark explained. "He dare not take her into any port. And Seward is an important person. As soon as he's missed there'll be warships on the job."

"He won't scuttle her," said Jim. "He'll take her into Venga. Yes; she's moving and heading in toward the entrance."

Jim was right. The Osceola's bow was turning slowly toward the entrance to the secret harbour, and the Dolphin was following.

Jim groaned.

"Back into that horrible place," he muttered. "And how shall we ever get out again?"

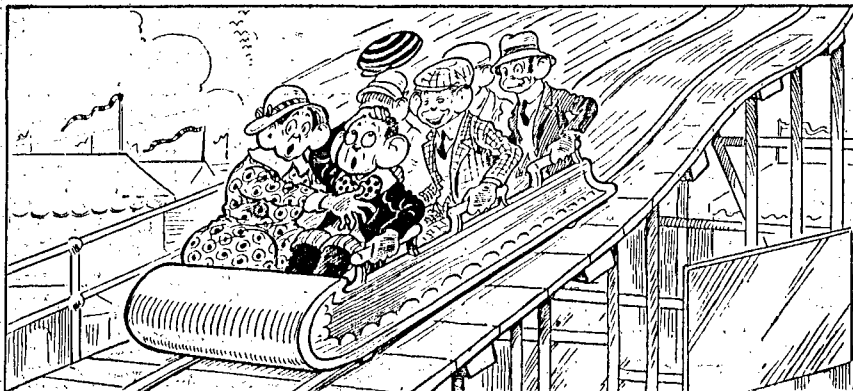
Slowly the fine yacht picked her way through the reefs and, followed closely by the Dolphin, crept into the hidden channel among the mangroves. The thick, stagnant

Continued in the last column

JACKO GIVES AUNT MATILDA A TREAT

AUNT MATILDA was very fond of Jacko and loved giving him a treat.

He didn't mind being taken to a pantomime or a circus, but he did rather draw the line at a flower show. The old lady was very keen on flowers, and expected everybody else to be as interested as she was.



Down they went with a swoop

When the Monkeyville Flower Show came along Jacko had to go round all the tents with Aunt Matilda. He got tired of looking at the exhibits.

He was bored to death. There were the roundabouts and the switchbacks and the coconut shies looking ever so inviting, and no chance of getting near them. And even tea wasn't up to much. Aunt Matilda made him hurry, and wouldn't even let him wait for an ice.

"Come along, dear, there's no time to lose," she said firmly.

But Jacko often had his brightest ideas when he felt really desperate. Suddenly he grinned from ear to ear.

"Tell you what, Aunt," he said, "I've just spotted a little car for taking people

about the grounds. We'd get on much quicker that way."

"A very good idea!" exclaimed Aunt Matilda. "I must confess my legs are giving out. Quick, where is this conveyance?"

"This way, Aunt," said Jacko, bustling her along, and hoping she was

as shortsighted as he thought she was. And soon they were sitting in a little car with several other people.

"This is an excellent plan," said Aunt Matilda, beaming. "I don't grudge the sixpences at all."

"Coo! We're off!" said Jacko, also beaming.

They were—with a vengeance. Down they went with a swoop, and then up into the air with a rush, and down again.

It was the mountain railway.

Aunt Matilda was terrified. She clung to Jacko like grim death, and shrieked at the top of her voice.

Jacko lost his cap—and perhaps a fortune, for the old lady declared she would never forgive him!

air of the swamp closed around her, and the three in the cabin sat silent, struggling against the gloom that enveloped them like a stifling blanket. Steadily the two ships passed through the first pool, then through the second channel, and finally drew up in the anchorage opposite the settlement.

"There's Gabe," whispered Don. "Gabe, Redburn, and Kapak and all his lot. And there's the canoe they escaped in!"

"He's got two extra Malays with him," Don said. "One of those must be the fellow who sneaked aboard the Dolphin and tackled you."

"They'll be pleased to see Jansen," said Jim. "They will be after their share of the loot."

A gleam showed in Mark's eyes. "That's our best chance," he said. "They may quarrel over the stuff."

They saw Jansen go ashore and watched him talking to Gabe and Redburn. There was no sign that Mark was right, for the three seemed perfectly friendly. All went into the big house together, no doubt for refreshments, and meantime the Malays under Kapak set to work to unload the various things which had been taken aboard the Dolphin.

Hours passed and the three prisoners were suffering badly from thirst in the stuffy cabin when at last the door opened and Jansen's great bulk appeared in the entrance. Behind him was Kapak, backed by two of his ugly little Malays armed with the sharp curved knives they call kreeses.

"I have the honour of conducting my guests to their quarters," he said sarcastically. "I do not think I need warn you to behave yourselves."

"What are you going to do with us?" Don asked curtly.

"If you will kindly accompany me you will find out," replied Jansen with a sneer.

As there was no choice in the matter they followed him into the boat and so ashore. The Malays loafing on the platform scowled at them, but Jansen took them past and into one of the smaller buildings.

"I have long wanted trustworthy caretakers for my private harbour," he said. "I propose that you three act in that capacity. You have your choice between that and—!" He said no more, but pointed with his great hand toward the deep, dark, oily water outside.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Family Health

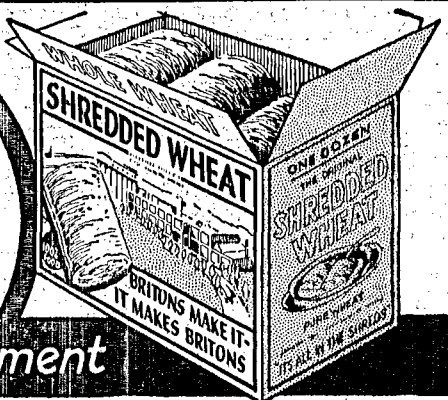
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THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S CORNER

Readers interested in the above will be pleased to know that this feature will appear twice monthly in the "Children's Newspaper." The next Stamp Collector's Corner will be published in the issue dated Sept. 27th.

"HELP! HELP!"

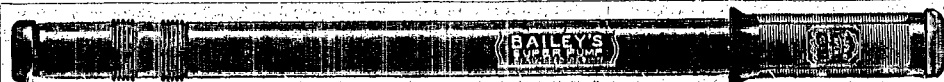
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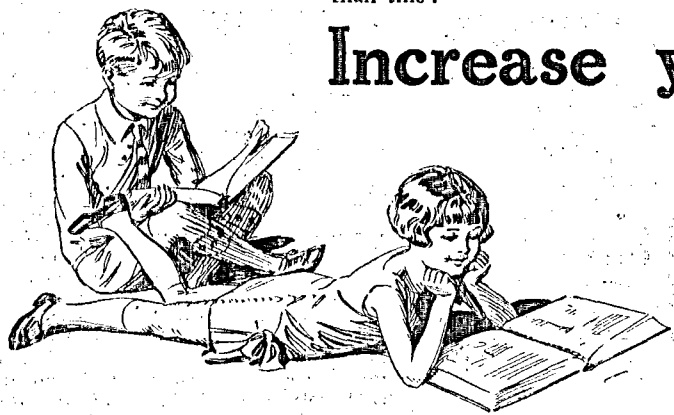
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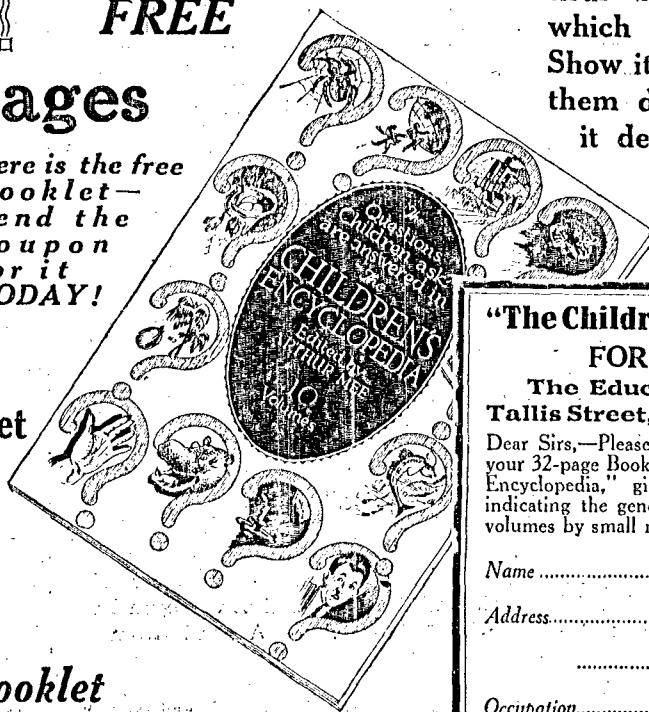
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Why do Women wear Wedding Rings?

How deep is the Sea?

Are there People in the Moon?

What makes a Nettle Sting?

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 13, 1930

Every Thursday, 2d

Arthur Mee's Monthly, My Magazine, will be delivered anywhere in the world for 14s 6d a year. (Canada 14s).



THE BRAN TUB

What Am I?

My first is in shilling but not in pound,
My second's in circle but not in round,
My third is in porter but not in guard,
My fourth is in dripping but not in lard,
My fifth is in walking but not in run,
My sixth is in humour but not in fun,
My seventh's in distance but not in long,
My whole is an animal savage and strong.

Answer next week

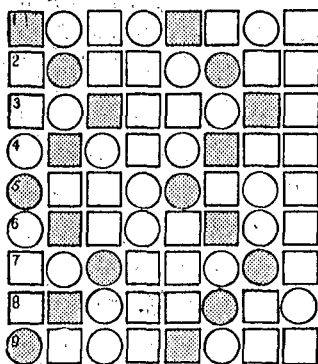
Ici On Parle Français



Le château La chenille La cartouche
Le château fort domine la plaine.
La chenille dévore les feuilles.
Il ne me reste qu'une cartouche.

A Zig-Zag Puzzle

Put vowels in the circles and consonants in the squares so as to form words across, of which definitions are given below. When this has been done correctly the two zig-zag lines indicated by shading will make the names of two garden flowers.



1. Small skin boats. 2. Inhabitants of Mars. 3. Glasses. 4. Gaps. 5. Caused to function. 6. One who invents. 7. Large hill. 8. Joyous. 9. Putting into line. Answer next week

Do You Live at Ulverstone?

This name means the town of Wulhere, which is a very common personal name of early medieval times. No doubt where the town now stands was a settlement the chief man of which was named Wulhere.

Sheet Lightning

WHAT we call sheet lightning is merely the reflection of lightning in a thunder-storm at a considerable distance. It has been possible to see lightning about 100 miles away.

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

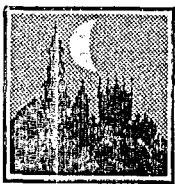
It was a bleak, chilly night in a town in the cold High Peak of Derbyshire, and Juno had company in her kennel which needed keeping warm, seven small white puppies.

Juno's master, the carpenter, hoped they would grow up to be fine bull-terriers, with black, beady eyes, strong yet nimble, like their mother.

They were Juno's first puppies and she could not do enough for them. She herself was not only her master's pet but the prizewinner at many dog shows, and he could not do enough for her. He bethought himself how to add to her comfort. The

Other Worlds Next Week

In the morning the planets Jupiter and Mars are in the South-East. In the evening Venus and Saturn are in the South-West. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen looking South at 8 a.m. on Wednesday, September 17.



The Jerry-Builder

If a house is cheap and badly constructed we say it is jerry-built. The word jerry used thus is probably a corruption of Jericho, and refers to the walls of Jericho which fell down after the Israelites had walked round them for seven days blowing their trumpets.

Word Square

THE following five clues indicate five words which when placed one below the other will form a square of words.

Faithful to duty. A musical drama. Measures of time. Town in France. Rope with a noose.

Answer next week

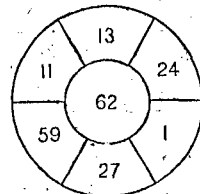
The Drone-Fly

THE bees are still busy among the flowers and we may occasionally think that a stray bee comes into our homes. It is more likely to be a drone-fly, however, for this creature, which bears a remarkable resemblance to the bee, also frequents flower gardens and often comes indoors at this time of the year. Owing to its form and colour and by reason of

its humming flight the drone-fly is often mistaken for the honey-bee, and the likeness is farther heightened by the insect's habit of moving its abdomen as though it is about to use a sting. Even spiders have been observed to treat the drone-fly with caution as though fearing this weapon. But the drone-fly has no sting. It is remarkably swift in flight.

The Target Puzzle

A MARKSMAN had six shots at this target. He missed with the second shot but scored a hundred points with the other five. He may have hit some of the numbers more than once.



What numbers must he have hit to score exactly a hundred? Answer next week

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

A Wireless Problem

Set £7 10s, speaker £2 10s, battery 15s.

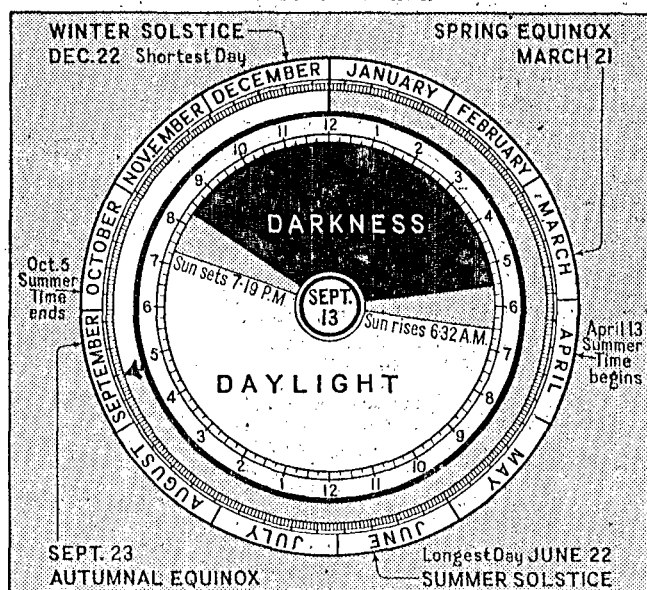
Riddle in Rhyme. Lavender

What Town is This? Blackpool

The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle



The C.N. Calendar



This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 13. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.

Dr. MERRYMAN

Handy for the House

AUNTIE asked Jill what had most impressed her on her recent and first visit to the Zoo.

Five-year-old Jill thought hard for a moment or two, and then said, "I think the elephant, Auntie. I loved to see him picking up buns with his vacuum cleaner."

Their Own Fault

THEY were sitting on the promenade, Darby and Joan together.

Said Darby, pointing to a boat close to the shore:

"They've dropped their anchor!"

"I'm not surprised," said Joan. "It's been hanging over the side long enough."

Good Manners



FOR true politeness Bertie Brown surpasses all the lads in town. A poplar boughed to him, and he returned the bow most courteously!

Satisfied

THE advertisement had said "Money returned if not satisfactory," and a customer who was far from satisfied asked for his money back.

"But," protested the shopman, "I am pleased to say that I found your money entirely satisfactory."

A Knotty Problem

THERE were several small holes in the garden fence.

"What are those holes for?" asked little Jack of his big brother Tom.

"Those are knot holes," said Tom in a superior tone.

"If they are not holes, then what are they?" queried Jack.

What's in a Name?

DINNER was served late and so the mistress reproved the new maid.

"You say the food was ready in time," said the mistress. "Well, here's the dinner-gong; why didn't you sound it?"

"But you said this morning that was the breakfast-gong, mum."

How do you wake?

Fresh, alert, with a real appetite for breakfast and your daily work? If not add a cup of the 'Allenburys' Diet at 11 a.m. and 10 p.m. to your daily fare. Made from the finest selected whole wheat, rich creamy milk, and an ample proportion of Vitamin D added, it is the ideal tonic beverage. Easily made and easily digested it gradually builds that great possession—a reserve of energy.



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LIFE REACHES ITS FULL TIDE

WITH the coming of September life in the Northern Hemisphere reaches its full tide. Nature is drawing her dividends on the capital she has invested. She is harvesting her hundredfold gains, in beauty and in profit. She makes up her accounts and strikes her balance; but, whereas we benefit from the stores she has brought to perfection, the season is for her as much a beginning as an end. For us it is harvest; for her it is seedtime.

These few words are from a striking article on the wonder of Autumn which appears in the new issue of the C.N.'s monthly companion, which should be ordered now. Ask for

MY MAGAZINE

Arthur Mee's Monthly

October issue now on sale

1s

IN THE CARE OF DUMB JUNO

night was cold for mother and babies, and Juno, like most of her race, had a passion for warmth.

Often she would put her nose appealingly up the cold chimney and bark her solitary deep "Wough" for the fire to be lit. And she would steal upstairs when her mistress was out and hide herself beneath the eiderdown quilt. Now that she had a family to look after she was not allowed to sleep in the kitchen.

A happy thought came into her master's mind.

"I'll light the little brazier and set it outside her kennel," said he; "they will get plenty of warmth then."

This he did and went to bed, to enjoy the deep sleep of a hard-working man.

In the middle of the night the wind got up, making a great howling and rattling the windows loudly in their frames, so that Juno's one deep, muffled note of warning went unheard.

Other messengers came hurrying to Smellgate, that door which swings so lightly on its hinges.

"There is something burning," said the carpenter, waking all at once from heavy slumber.

He walked to the window and saw that the kennel was on fire. A spark from the brazier, blown by the wind,

had caught the straw; the front of the kennel was ablaze.

The carpenter rushed down and put out the flames with buckets of water.

Juno had only barked once, for she had been busy meeting the danger in her own dumb, devoted way. She had carried her puppies one by one and placed them in a little pile in the corner farthest from the fire; then she had lain down and curled her big body round them, determined on shielding them to the end. Her poor back was badly burned, but all the puppies were unharmed.

Tenderly she was carried into the kitchen and her burns were dressed.